

# MACLEAN'S

A black and white photograph of a man surfing on a wave. The man is shirtless, seen from the side, and is crouching low on the surfboard. He is holding onto the rail of the board with both hands. The wave is breaking, creating a large splash of white water around the surfboard. The background is a bright blue sky with scattered white clouds.

## EXPLORE CANADA

- ☐ Guide to our romantic forts
- ☐ Fun afloat
- ☐ Chuckwagon country

REVOLT  
OF THE  
TENANTS



## HARSH MEETS ITS WATERLOO

It happens every couple of generations—a whiskey like Calvert Grand Prix. A Canadian whiskey made to amazingly smooth that veteran hunters begin to stir their drinks more thoughtfully. "So smooth you could up it straight," say the men who know. That's

One straight up. Without fuss. Without nonsense. Because harsh has met its Waterloo. Later, add a favorite mixer. You know right away you're mixing in the smoothest company. Which is why we named it Grand Prix.

The proud ancestor from Calvert.



**Calvert Grand Prix: tells it to you straight.**

# MACLEAN'S REPORTS

APRIL, 1969 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 4



MOOSE JAW TIMES PHOTO

## Must Scoop Lewry save Moose Jaw single-handed?

HERE'S A NEW GAME for Canadian Mayor's Monopoly. What do you do if you're the mayor of a small city and:

- for ten years experts have told you your town is finished?
- you have only two big industries left, and one just got announced it's closing?
- after two years the federal government still won't grant you tax incentives for new industry?
- you stood as NDP candidate against the premier of your province and lost?

You'd want a tax lottery like Jean Despres in Montreal. That's a move on. So directly to pot, do not pass go, do not collect any money. The provincial attorney-general has just had you charged and convicted for running an illegal lottery.

Mayor L. H. (Scoop) Lewry of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, plays the game for real. The object is to turn Moose Jaw into a leading urban metropolis. "Well, of course, you've gotta push," he says expensively. "I may not be too popular, but I don't give a damn. I'm going to get this town back on its feet." The city's decline has been chronicled long ago (*Maclean's*, December, 1966) and since then things have only got worse. Lewry, who might have invented the slogan, "We say hockey," houses, handles and harvests potential industry, but to no avail.

"I had a winery all set to come in here. Then Ross (Thatcher) announced that he's got a winery, too. That was the end of my dream. I hear he gives them a premium of ten or twenty cents a bottle. They only employ five men anyway." The list goes on. The American firm that made special underwear gratis, the brewery from Ontario, the wine plant from Japan ("Not even over got in (sic) the ground").

Some Moose Jawers accuse Lewry of jeopardizing "The Friendly City" by sipping up his long-standing feud with Premier Ross Thatcher.

"Now, I know Ross. I worked with him when he was supposed to be a socialist. If there's a soul left to be had, he'll get it for us. He'll do it just to spite me, and he'll take all the credit!"

Lewry has just announced another racing hurdle—with the Moose Jaw Chamber of Commerce. He resigned in a suit. "I just can't get these maximum off their backs. They won't even kick in ten bucks for souvenir items and you can make a lot of money off them. I think I'll save some myself next year."

Somehow there are parallels compared to Lewry's latest grand scheme: The Moose Jaw Recreation and Cultural Development Society's investment certificate. In short, his lottery. An anticorporate but enthusiastic ally of Thatcher's, it would give Lewry had attractions printed in French, and Jean Despres bought the first ticket. Two weeks later he'd sold \$1,200 worth of "shares," but he'd been just out of business.

"I only wish the attorney-general would move that fast all the time. I've been trying to get him to answer a letter since September, 1967."

Soon after his conviction, Lewry decided that if he was guilty of running a lottery, by George so was a good away other people. One of them is (of all people) Saskatchewan's Minister of Natural Resources, R. Ross Burns. Burns administered a system under which bag-pans-banking-brown, rigidly restricted in number, are allotted in an annual draw. Lewry thinks the police ought to take a good look at that situation. And meanwhile, he's been wondering, what about all

these expensive companies that would print to smokers who happen to buy packs containing lucky coupons.

Meanwhile, Lewry has been warned that he'll face another round of charges if he receives his lottery. And that could leave him broke. "Every time they find us guilty it's a \$25 fine. I'm hamstringing the end of my own pocket, and you can't lose too far on \$4,000 a year."

What's Lewry up to next? In July he's going to England. What for? Well, look carefully the next time you buy some Royal Doulton china. It just might be imported "Made in Moose Jaw."

LEON MITCHELL



## One fan's "silly" solution to NHL brouhahas: instant replays

THE TROUBLE with the people who run the National Hockey League — in fact, the trouble with the big brass behind practically every major professional sport — is that they refuse to pay any attention to us beyond first lead to our suggestions. I mean, consider the efforts and indignities that the owners regularly inflict on us — interruptions in play for commercial announcements, cramped seating arrangements, jostling sports at the Montreal Forum are surpassed for cruel narrowness only by Air Canada's economy-class seats), arriving players, ticket prices that are rising to the crippling level. All these disasters could have been avoided or at least mitigated if only the busy owners

had once fit so well on us fans for a few helpful hints on how to run things.

Anyway, not to be discouraged and in the best interests of strengthening our national game, I've lately been contacting my own major campaign to persuade the NHL to adopt a new and decidedly helpful rule: I discovered one night during a televised Montreal Canadiens game. My suggestion is designed to reduce those boring, wasteful debates that regularly follow a disputed goal or a close bladeless call or a borderline penalty or any other potentially argumentative game situation. To avoid all the palaver, why not simply install a closed-circuit TV system in each NHL arena? Then, as every really close decision, the referee could immediately reserve judgment, slide over to the fan's bench, flip a switch on a TV monitor, take a few seconds of better replay of the disputed matter and, to the satisfaction of all parties, render an indisputable decision.

Simple? Well, I telephoned Clarence Campbell, the league president, with the idea, but his secretary brushed me off ("I'm not live on air," I think she was thinking) and referred me down the line to Scotty Morrison, assistant-chief of the NHL.

"There's already been one consultant they don't tell hockey," said Mr. Morrison, a polite, polite man, "and that's the human element. It's never had any game to have a little com-

moning in it, and using all kinds of mechanical devices would risk hockey of that structure."

Next, underestimating the force of the regular working league referees who warned me that I couldn't see his sense even if he did happen to agree with his boss, Mr. Morrison, "I'd make for many delays than it would save," said Morrison. "The referee would have to be in a room away from the ice where I'd have complete privacy, and I'd have to run the play-back three or four times to be certain of my call. By that time, the fans in the arena would be howling."

I tried my best to get on with the NHL, but I did push the NHL, one of the leading directors of unsupportive closed-circuit TV. For fan use, to get games and practice videotapes, Punch costs a \$12,000 Ampex videotape machine with one screen in the dressing room and one in his office, but, as far as my suggestion, Punch is not, accurately, that it was busy. Actually, he was better than "busy" might be, as in furious, I must confess that I did push Punch as the very day that his classy young cousin, Mike Waters, walked out on the Leafs. He wasn't exactly on a Mary Poppins mood.

One of Punch's Toronto players, another fellow who asked for anonymity, offered what he considered a definitive argument against my plan: "How do you decide when to use instant replay and when not?" he said.

"I can see coaches screaming for it as every close play. The thing would be almost totally."

There you have it, shaken by a league official, a referee, a coach, and a player. Where else could I turn? To Al D'Astous naturally, the star-defender, assistant Toronto lawyer who sits on several in the NHL Players' Association. Mr. D'Astous I advanced all my further arguments, how the idea was just a logical extension of the accepted value of instant replay, which was first introduced by CBS-TV in 1964 National Football League games, how every notebook on the contact sports arena to determine winners in close races, etc., etc. And you know what? English said:

"I can't take your case," it was he said.

See? Nobody pays attention to my legal case. JACK BATTEN

## The drunks who've made the switch—to Bromo

THE 55-YEAR-OLD man admitted to hospital in New Westminster, B.C., was clearly intoxicated. His history recalled the classic symptoms: aggressive behavior, confusion, hallucinations. He had been drinking steadily for nearly 10 years, but, until recently, explained, and was now losing back more than a bottle a day. Not of liquor, she added briefly. The bottle her husband had been hitting so hard with the bottle, she explained, was Bromo-Selzer, a potent sedative freely available off the shelves of a variety of stores.

That example of bromide intoxication, or bromism as doctors now call it, was cited in a Canadian Medical Association Journal report six years ago. Such chronic cases are still relatively rare but they have been creeping up often enough for doctors concerned with the problem of habituating drugs to be increasingly aware.

A recent one-year study of drug abuse in Hamilton, Ontario, showed that there were seven cases of bromism among the 793 interviewed patients admitted to four area hospitals. But Dr. Mary Fardy, who conducted the study, warned that this was an unusually low figure because blood tests for bromism were not performed on the patients as a matter of routine.

Dr. Charles Hartlieb, director of pharmacy for Ontario's Addiction Research Foundation, says the four-drug Toronto cases have been dealing with about five cases of chronic bromism a year for the last five years. "But I suspect this is only the tip of the iceberg," says Dr. Hartlieb. "Bromo bromide preparations are marketed in widely and because many patients are probably treated privately by doctors, there's simply no way of telling what the incidence of bromism is in Canada. But we see it at least about enough cases to be very worried about the problem."

What worries Dr. Hartlieb and his colleagues most is that this can be a dangerous condition as Bromo-Selzer (as well as such other anti-epileptic bromide compounds as Nyctal and Seroquel) with its making the diagnosis of excessive dosage. It has been known since 1850 that bromide accumulates and replaces the chloride element in the body chemistry and that such accumulation produces impaired judgment and disorientation ranging from drowsiness to psychosis.

It is now accepted by most experts that bromide can be habit-forming for addiction-prone personalities. Ironically, many victims of bromism were alcoholics who began taking the pill as a sedative. Gradually, they transferred their dependence away from alcohol to the "magic" substance that brought them rest and relief.

In Britain, bromides are banned from use as proprietary medicines. In Canada bromide compounds were removed from shelves down on the label that as the authors of the CMAA report state, "the dangers of overdosage are not self-evident to be experienced in a manner that will explain the symptoms." They argue that since doctors now rarely prescribe bromides, "there seems little reason why their continued use is proprietary preparation should be permitted."

Bromo is made in both Canada and the U.S. by Warner-Lambert, one of the world's largest pharmaceutical houses. However, the U.S. product contains different ingredients, including one which, according to a report, is not allowed in patent medicines in Canada.

Warner-Lambert's Canadian spokesman took the dangers of Bromo-Selzer (the name, the name who developed the "new improved" Bromo) the ingredients are the same but the formula "properties last longer" much that "bromides are at the lower end of the addiction-causing drugs." He stresses that consumers can't possibly harm themselves if they don't exceed

the recommended dose three a day. Furthermore, a spokesman for the federal government's Food and Drug Directorate, the body that licenses proprietary medicines in Canada, says that "only a very small segment of the population abuses the instructions on a label." He concludes, however, that the evidence against Bromo-Selzer, which is licensed from year to year, may prompt the directorate to undertake a searching review of the product.

Few of Bromo-Selzer's critics would want to see it banned outright. But members of Ontario's Addiction Foundation believe that authorities could reduce the risks of overdose by requiring its sale through pharmacists just as such other over-the-counter 222 tablets are regulated now.

Meanwhile, for the next time you have a hangover it would be wise to remember that the cure you seek for, if taken excessively, could be as toxic as the alcohol poisoning you're already suffering from. OPHELIA MARRAS



The California University "machine shop" Dr. David Leonard shows how artificial limbs are made.

## A nuts-and-bolts approach to rebuilding human bodies

THE NEW YORK TIMES reported that a team of scientists, engineers and doctors had developed a device that would replace a missing limb. The device, called the "Prosthetic Arm," was made of metal and plastic, and was designed to be attached to a person's arm. The device was made by a team of scientists, engineers and doctors at the California Institute of Technology. The device was made by a team of scientists, engineers and doctors at the California Institute of Technology. The device was made by a team of scientists, engineers and doctors at the California Institute of Technology.

## PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"Yeah? Well, maybe we don't like Mr. Kinnert role in your outfit, either?"



SEAGRAM'S  
VO



CONTRAST, NATURAL, MAN-MADE

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**EXPLORE CANADA**

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Visit Canada's historic frontier forts P32

Picture gallery P33

Join sheep-cowboy Les Tyndal as he saddles up and leads a band of over 100 miles of Canada's western ranchland  
—on P54

Learn how to be an Old West  
Gun Smo, mazy whip P43

[illegible]

# PAULINE



# JEWETT

**Canada's Defense Department reduced to a minor role in External Affairs, as servant, not master, of our foreign policy? It could happen. Eric Kierans' challenge to NATO-NORAD thinking, hotly attacked now, could yet lead to a Department of Peace**

WHEN ERIC KIERANS resumed his public questioning of our defense efforts in NATO and NORAD, toward the end of January, the reaction in Ottawa was pure Colored Thing. "I don't see how we are going to learn anything from him," said Mervyn Cuyk (Lib.). "I don't know that he has any background in foreign affairs, defense." "He's not an expert," said Gerald Lussell (Lib.). "—he has an spelling." (The military expert who doubted his brain) is the Postmaster General, was that government of G. W. Barlow (PC). The fact that the Postmaster General had been doing his questioning so openly seemed only to add insult to injury. "Unprecedented," said Stanley Knowles (NDP). "Confusing for the public." —David Lewis (NDP). "Confusing and misleading to our

friends in NATO." —P. V. Nolin (PC). "Bringing politics into the discussion?" —Gerald Lussell (Lib.). These remarks (it should be noted, like the remarks about Kierans' qualifications, came from MPs on both sides of the House).

Since the Ottawa Journal and the Ottawa Citizen, newspapers normally free spent in their editorial views, wanted to challenge the minister. After saying that it was all right for Defense Minister Cadogan to speak out in public, since he was upholding current government policy, the Journal went on: "But if Kierans wants to argue on the other side, the place for him to do it is at the cabinet table. Other cabinet ministers far more qualified to speak on the matter are not declaring themselves in public. They are right to keep their position."

For the Calvinists, too, it would be better if the cabinet spoke with one voice — and if its members cannot agree, they should hold their tongues until a decision is reached. And then they (the editor must have been saying) "To appear in public on so serious a matter as national defense is clearly not in the government's, or is the national interest."

All of which clearly shows how difficult it is to challenge the status quo, particularly the status quo on such "sensitive" matters as foreign policy and defense, even though the Prime Minister had been actively encouraging himself and encouraging others, including cabinet ministers, to do so too as part of the government's review of its policy in these areas.

If, of course, if Kierans had simply been saying that Western Europe was now well able to look after itself *vis-à-vis* the Communist bloc — making Canada's presence in NATO no longer necessary — and that the U.S. was well able to look after the security interests of this continent — making Canada's presence in NORAD unnecessary — the reaction would no doubt have been different. A reasoned reply would have been made, stating that a threat to the security of other Western Europe or the U.S. was equally a threat to the security of Canada itself; that Canada should, therefore, share in the common defense whether her share was "needed" or not.

But Kierans was not really questioning whether Canada was needed in NATO and NORAD. He was questioning whether NATO and NORAD were themselves needed. "NATO," he said, "may or may not have been the appropriate answer to a particular

threat in 1949. As a continuing institution, it is something else again. Instead of a genuine deterrent against a genuine threat, it has become a self-justifying creature against a non-existent military threat — isolated from the real problems of the world."

The Soviet Union "a non-existent military threat?" NATO "isolated from the real problems of the world?" That was surely challenging long-established assumptions!

Yet it is precisely this kind of challenge that is needed today. For the past 30 years Western Europe and North America have been operating on the assumption that the Soviet Union constituted the greatest threat to world stability and peace. They have based practically all their policies on this assumption. The nuclear deterrent, NATO and NORAD are the principal ones.

But there are surely more serious threats than the Soviet Union. The Middle East is far more of a threat to the Soviet Union than a threat from it. There is the possibility of white people turning black, there are tensions arising out of world poverty, famine and illiteracy. NATO and other defense alliances are terribly inhibited from doing such things.

Furthermore, as long as the West adheres to its assumption about the Soviet threat it forecloses any effective grappling with these problems. Our membership in NATO, for example, as Kierans pointed out, "terminates our defense policy and this in turn dictates our foreign policy." It dominates our policy toward Eastern Europe as much as it Western Europe and our policy at the United Nations. . . . It determines the scale of resources we are directed toward the rest of the world . . . and it shapes their strategic forward . . .

Logic. But Mr. Kierans' arguments be heard? Will the Canadian government use an influence to get NATO and other defense alliances pulled up? Or, failing that, will it at least drop its own NATO and NORAD commitments and establish some more contemporary and meaningful commitments for Canadian foreign policy?

Probably not that time around. With a lot more questioning of basic assumptions, however, it may be ready for Kierans by the time we have our next review of foreign policy and defense. Who knows we may even be ready to make defense the servant, not the master of foreign policy, encouraging a small role as United Nations disarmament that has been recommended by the "Department of Peace." ☐



## The execution is different, but the concept is basically the same.

Both vehicles are very difficult to destroy. However, the M-48 (at right) was built to withstand slightly heavier treatment than the Volvo 144 (at left).

As a result, the M-48 weighs in at 88,000 lbs. And for all its bulk, carries only three men—in extreme discomfort we might add.

It takes two gallons to the mile and won't go over 30 miles an hour.

In other words, it's a tank.

The Volvo, on the other hand, weighs in at just 2,600 lbs. And for all its lack of bulk, carries five men—in extreme comfort.

It gets substantially better gas mileage and will go fast enough to attract police cars. Which are faster but not as strong.

In other words, a Volvo is strong in the way a tank is strong and its strength where a tank has weakness.

### Just how strong is a Volvo?

You could stack eight Volvos, one on top of another, without disturbing the Volvo on the bottom. That's a total of 10 tons. Six steel pillars, bored for maximum strength, support the roof. (It's ironic that Detroit made cars with no steel pillars "hardtops," when in reality they're just the opposite.)

Each side of the Volvo body is made from one solid piece of steel. There are no weak points to cause there are no seams. In other parts of the body, where seams occur, 8,000 spot welds fuse them together.

It's this kind of construction that once led Car & Driver Magazine to make the following observation.

"...the Volvo is possibly the toughest vehicle

anywhere this side of the Aberdeen Proving Grounds and there is a growing legion of happy owners who will be glad to verify the point."

The Aberdeen Proving Grounds, incidentally, is where the U.S. Army tests tanks.

### It means less wear-and-tear.

Volvo has a finish six coats thick. First the body is etched in acid phosphate so the paint gets a vice-like grip on the metal. Then it's dunked in rustproofing primer. The body then gets one undercoat, one sealcoat and three color coats of baked enamel. 1.3 lbs. of protection in all.

It's because of this that you hear stories like this . . .

One day a friend of this writer told of an experience with a dent in the door of his Volvo. He said it happened and noticed it at the shop charged him a modest sum for body work but settling for paint. Being honest, he missed the point. The body man explained that after hanging out the dent, the paint was still undamaged—so there was no need for re-paint!

### A Volvo doesn't self-destruct in three years.

There is an obvious advantage in owning a car that's built like a Volvo. Once it's paid for, there's still something left to own.

A Volvo can help you fight off the impulse that drives you into debt every few years. Because by keeping it, you can begin making payments to yourself instead of the finance company.

Of course, if you're not interested in adding money to your coffers, you can sell your Volvo after three years. And delight in how little you lose.

Volvo deprecates as slowly as they manufacture.





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# 'MR. CONSERVATIVE' OFFERS A CURE FOR U.S. DISORDER

William F. Buckley, Jr., says: "It's going to take some very harsh, not characteristically American activity toward some dissenters"



William F. Buckley, Jr., and Larry Zolt, his go-to scribe, a combination to be reckoned with. Buckley, weekly editor of *The National Review* and formerly unsuccessful New York mayoralty candidate, long ago earned the title, "most articulate U.S. conservative." Zolt, a journalist's gadfly currently associated with CBC television's *The Public Eye*, had contributed a chapter to *The New Romanesque*, a jaundiced look at the U.S., that had caught Buckley's unimpeachable eye. Zolt and fellow contributors Al Purdy, the poet, and Dennis Lee, a Ryerson College professor, were slated to appear last October on Buckley's New York television show, *Foray Live*. Scarcely a peep was heard from liberals Purdy and Lee, but Zolt acquiesced himself so nobly that he was asked to drop in any time at Buckley's New York residence.

Maclean's arranged the next meeting. "I wandered into his private three-story apartment on East 73rd Street thinking it was an office building," says Zolt, "and was attacked by a fierce chihuahua. I was rescued by Mr. and Mrs. Buckley, shown through a room full of Mexican-motif paintings and abstractions and ushered into Buckley's office-cum-study, where I was fortified with copious portwine." Zolt discovered that Buckley has Christian connections. The family has investments in Saskatchewan, his wife is the daughter of Vancouver industrialist Austin Taylor, and his executive secretary is a former Montrealer. Buckley was intrigued by Trudeau and, apparently, the feeling was mutual: he had been invited to dine at the Prime Minister's Ottawa residence.

"During our conversation I found Buckley to be far less outrageous than people claim," says Zolt. "I found myself sharing his outlook on many occasions. Sometimes he speaks for effect and if you go along with that he will get serious and tell you what he really thinks."

Buckley started by telling Zolt what he really thinks of voter Gore Vidal, with whom he laughed on ABC-TV during the Republican and Democratic conventions and on U.S. election night last fall. Their political and personal popularity led to a spate of bitter wine-calling and during one notorious encounter, threats of combat. Finally, at Buckley's insistence, the two panders were separated in the studio by a physical barrier and their dialogue became twin theologies.

**Maclean's:** What is the basis of your infuriated dispute with Gore Vidal?

**Buckley:** I don't think he feels any compulsion to be accurate like also — I suppose it's part of a generalist's writer's technique — make it a habit to mislead his readers for me to TV critics all over the country.

**Maclean's:** His comments for you as a television performer?

**Buckley:** No, as everything. So I did not anticipate that this would be a successful debate. In fact, when the ABC network people asked me when I should debate I named the known people: Schlesinger, Goldberg, all those people and they said, well, even you think of anybody who in your opinion would not make a good partner? I said, well, only one: Gore Vidal.

**Maclean's:** Fatal error. Did you enjoy the encounter?

**Buckley:** I did not enjoy it at all. I loudly refused to debate with him. I won't debate with anybody who feels free to call you a Nazi as fast as 30 million people. His only deeply held conviction is the notion that bilingualism is the normal thing, and biculturalism is a good compromise. The rest of it is just maintaining and attacking. His whole business about how, unless America elects a president who would prosecute the Vietnam war, he would resign his citizenship turns out retroactively to have been incoherence, since he hasn't renounced his citizenship. His whole switchback on the Kennedy was obviously motivated by a personally desperate concern at the White House one night, so that he switched from being critical of Kennedy to being violently anti-Kennedy.

**Maclean's:** Who go on with him as all?

**Buckley:** Contrast. As a conservative I have to feel my contract.

**Maclean's:** When the two radicals conservative is applied to you, do you share?

**Buckley:** No. In fact, I suggested a he applied it's a less than useful from Max Baucus. The implication is a real statement to certain ideas irrespective of whether those ideas are popular.

**Maclean's:** Our newspaper idea today is the Communist conspiracy. Do you still take it seriously? Are the Yuppies, for example, part of some kind war?

**Buckley:** The post-conspiracy is misinformed into a more dangerous direction, in my opinion because even during the McCarthy period everybody was running around preventing his children to be in the United States. But now you have professors and students by the hundreds, saying they hope the effort will win. You will find them saying, I hope the Soviet Union class conquest. A spontaneous conspiracy demands which is much, much more serious than the one before. Now, to what extent this has had practical consequences is an interesting question. How many people now work in sensitive agencies in the government who feel themselves members of the New Left? Although they don't find themselves disciplined members of the National apparatus, nonetheless, because their attitudes are with the other side, I feel that they would very likely betray America's interests. I don't know, but I suspect many more more than 15 years ago.

**Maclean's:** How do you regard Canada? Do you feel that we're properly holding and responsible as a power in this whole area — to you see it — of Communism and anti-Communism?

**Buckley:** Obviously, I'd like to see a little bit more sympathy from Canadian intellectuals for some of America's problems, particularly Vietnam. Having read a book in which you contributed an eloquent chapter [in *The New Romanesque*], I don't think much of it there and what I did find was rather hesitant and apologetic. Now I understand the institutional conditions that make this almost necessary. I don't doubt that Canadian intellectuals must make many of the vulgar statements of Americans and of Americans' institutions and culture. But still.

**Maclean's:** Well, an intellectual might reply to you that when we went to war back in 1954, you would for these years and

continued on page 52



It's your wedding anniversary, and you're happy about it.

It's a day (After three girls.)

It's a time to one split on your favorite stock, and you're feeling magnanimous.

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# EVINRUDE ACTION



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**Brother, you never had it so mild**



This is a photo something going on here. But we manage to play a lot of bridge and talk my God and I am very interested in photography.

## Marilyn Hawkins teaches in a town that didn't exist a dozen years ago



Two of Thompson's four elementary schools have an open classroom and another has been included at the plans for R.D. Parker College to be expanded.

## It's Thompson in northern Manitoba



"When I first came to Thompson there was no school. Of course so I had to go to Winnipeg to teach high school."

Marilyn Hawkins teaches maths to the junior high students at the big R.D. Parker College in Thompson, Manitoba. She is also librarian for both the junior high and senior high schools. Here is one of five modern education centres with nearly 3,000 pupils in the still-growing community 400 miles north of Winnipeg.

But when Marilyn first went to Thompson in 1958 it was a different story. She and her mother made the long journey there to join her father Ralph Hawkins, Inco's chief engineer on the mammoth Thompson project. Thompson then was a collection of tents and trailers in a cleared-out area of the bush. The only inhabitants were a task force of Inco engineers and construction company men. A mine shaft was going down and a town about to go up.

While her mother stayed on in the Hawkins' trailer home, Marilyn went to boarding school in Winnipeg. Then to university. Then to a teachers' course. Followed by two years of teaching in London, Ontario and an urge to see far away places. Her travels took her to New Zealand, Australia and the British Solomon Islands where she worked at Inco's exploration laboratory. Then came the long journey back to Thompson.

Thompson a tent trailer and muskeg community of 1958 was gone. In its place she saw the result of many, many months of hard work. A huge indoor shopping plaza. Supermarkets. Churches. Movie theatres. Luxurious hotels. Restaurants. Specialty shops. A modern hospital. Beautiful homes on paved, landscaped streets. And schools.

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their landlords  
under laws framed  
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The high-rise people  
are in revolt. A  
Maclean's report on the  
developing battle for



**R**ENTERS ARE HERE when a tenant's last resort was a "house-breaking party"? Down to the end of his tether by a malicious landlord, he would stock up with beer, hire The Blazing Tents and their three electric guitars and invite the world and his wife around for a glorious family brawl. No longer. Today's method of getting out from under bad landlords is more refined if less fun. It was demonstrated a couple of months ago by two stories during an apartment in north Montreal. They had been stricken by an endless series of inconveniences — poor heating, clogged drains, elevator that didn't climb — and hoped at the chance to move into a new place warmer, sleeker. But when they approached the landlord and politely asked if they could break their lease, his response was a dry McCarthy-like cackle. He, he, he, cough, no. He'd see them in court first. So then the girls sat down and did what thousands of angry rent-payers in Canada are doing right now. They organized their apartment-block neighbors into a tenants' association and asked the landlord to attend the inaugural meeting. He arrived, panting on their doorstep the next day, his cockles turned to whippers, and begged the girls to accept his written permission to move out.

When it comes to a conflict between people and property, people have tended to be the losers since the inception of all tenements went up in Ur. Now, for the first time, tenants are demanding and getting something like equal rights. What makes Tenant Power the more remarkable is that it's largely a middle class phenomenon, involving that slacker's notion of society which usually can be reduced to converted action only by a formal declaration of war. But the pressures of the accommodation vixen have altered old habits. Thriftless high rises are burning with organization as the occupants crawl out of their private cells and start to talk to each other. Pseudo-Spanish main lodgings are evolving to dogma, previously heard only in labor-union halls, and bulletin boards in vacant tenement laundry rooms drip with manifestos. The concept of collective bargaining by tenants has the awesome immobility of an idea that is ripe for its time. Politicians and property owners are learning that they can't afford to ignore it.

To begin with, many landlords scoffed at the numerical weakness of Tenant Power, pointing out that only a tiny fraction of tenants were active in any given city. For instance, the Vancouver Tenants' Council, a consolidation of several smaller associations, has fewer than 500 pick-up members out of a citywide total of 150,000 tenants. "That's not very many considering the publicity they've had,"

By Douglas Marshall

# TENANT POWER

## "Say Corby and you've said everything"



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**VANCOUVER:** Taxes went up  
43 cents a month —  
but rents went up \$10

with Mrs. Eva Virtue, an owner who has been in the apartment business since 1961. Mrs. Virtue, like many other landlords, claims she lays the blame of "rents going up" on the tax. "After all, we apartment owners have an association and maybe if the tenants were organized we could get together and vote things out."

Mrs. Virtue talks about voting things out from first-hand experience. It was in her 24-unit, Keston Apartments that Vancouver tenants scored their biggest victory to date. When Keston residents were faced with a rent increase plus a retroactive \$25 "clean-up-and-damage" deposit last year, 18 of them formed an association and refused to pay. After six weeks of negotiations with Mrs. Virtue, arbitrated by City Councillor Tom Albrecht, the tenants won an agreement that paid them for a year, promised three months' notice of future increases and guaranteed interest payments on the deposited funds.

What landlords really failed to realize is that, while tenant unions may be few, they still make a considerable amount of noise and they represent an increasing power base. Canada is rapidly shifting from a property-owning society to a rent-paying society. If tenants don't already make up 30 percent of the adult urban population, they soon will. This creates a potential union group more than three million strong — and growing.

Certainly Transport Minister Paul Hellyer is now impressed by the latent strength of Tenant Power. His housing task force on housing heard a number of expert briefs from tenant associations urging fundamental changes in the laws relating to landlords and tenants. Hellyer's report tabled late in January stressed that "tenants have some rights, and recommended that a landlord should be required to justify to his tenants abnormal rent increases. The report added: "The task force does not believe for example, that it is unreasonable to ask landlords to recognize tenants' associations and to give them an effective voice in deciding how their building or buildings are administered and serviced."

So far, effective organization of apartment dwellers has been mainly confined to the largest cities of Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Meanwhile, a modified form of Tenant Power, concerned more with political and metropolitan projects, has been leaving heavily on city councils in Montreal, Ottawa and the smaller high-density centres of southern Ontario — Windsor, Belleville and Kingston. However, two forces are at work that could soon make Tenant Power a fact of urban life everywhere.

First, there's the housing crisis. Even if it doesn't grow more acute, it shows no immediate signs of easing. With the vacancy rate somewhere as low as 1.3 percent in it is in Ottawa, landlords are treating it as a lover's snub. The natural tendency of some property owners to exploit this effective forum otherwise lease-will tenants to live with the pack for protection.

More important, there's the sociological aspect of modern high-rise design. If you stack a couple of thousand disconnected people on top of each other, it is practically unavoidable that they will combine against a common enemy. And the high-rise enemy, rarely an ideal housing unit, is the old days, when rented premises were either sub-

sidized houses or low-rise blocks clustered horizontally, it was much more difficult for tenants to communicate.

What does Tenant Power want? Basically, the revision or abolition of the Landlord and Tenant Act is every province. These costly statutes, inherited from pre-Confederation law, are blatantly based on favour of property owners. The original intention of the legislation was to protect the lords of English manors from the chicanery of urban peasants living on their estates. The very words "landlord" and "tenant" have a feudal ring that sounds irrelevant in a world of concrete and steel. "Unless we get new legislation with guts," says James Trotter, an Ontario Landlord MPP, "tenants will continue to be the modern serfs of the 20th century." Trotter is only one of several members on both sides of the legislative pressing the Ontario government for a Tenant Rights Act.

Such an act would correct grossness, in four main fields. Capping the most heinous by far are the security deposits, usually equivalent to a month's rent. Too many landlords now extract from leaving tenants an insurance against damage or nonpayment that Tenant Power would prefer to see these deposits outlawed. But if they must continue, it is argued, this interest should be paid on the tenant's capital. Also needed are independent boards to settle disputes over how much of the money is retained. What a landlord with damage may be permitted to wait and tear is a tenant's eyes.

"As the law now stands," says Toronto lawyer Bruce Thomson, "the landlord is prosecutor, judge and jury." Thomson, in serving personal clients who have launched his political activities in the tenant cause, thinks security deposits should be diverted to special government trust funds and landlords forced to present detailed schedules of requests before collecting for damage. Thomson also supports the instant on the eve of security deposits of at five percent a month yield \$750,000 a year could be used to finance a permanent office and pay the legal fees for a citywide tenants' association.

Almost as high on the tenants' agenda program is the need to tip up the present landlord-tenant laws and substitute a better contract. Disputes over responsibilities, young couples often sign leases without consulting a lawyer or reading the fine print. Later they learn to their chagrin that what they've signed may deprive them of the benefits of future legislation (such as rent controls) and may give the landlord absolute control actions as well as their domestic lives. Even the laws issued by the Ontario Housing Corporation contained the invariable clause about future laws said a blushing provincial government seemed a lot December.

Next, tenants want protection against irresponsible rent increases. When the owners of a Vancouver block were suddenly hit by a \$10 a-month increase last year, the landlord justified it on the grounds of higher taxes. One of the tenants was Ray Steinbock, a paraplegic who is now an executive official on the Vancouver Tenants' Council. Steinbock investigated and discovered that the actual cost of the higher taxes worked out to only about 43 cents per unit per month. He and six other tenants were soon locked in a bitter battle with the landlord.

Some high-rise landlords have a habit of offering attractive rent deals when the building first opens up. Tenants feel that the best move is not to leave until then. When the lease comes up for renewal two years later, the landlord levies a rent increase of 30 percent or more. When a Winnipeg property owner pulled that stunt in one of his buildings last summer, he triggered an organizational campaign that resulted into the citywide Canadian Tenants' Association.

continued



# OTTAWA: Do-it-yourself tenants raised a loan for the landlord — at three-percent interest

later counsel. Mayor Desrosiers found the landlord's action "unconscionable." Controller Margaret Campbell said the building had been a headache ever since it was started. "This is the same owner who was told not to remove them from the front of the property but went ahead and moved his equipment in at night to do it."

By Wednesday the publicity was hurting Kasser badly. Inspectors were swarming over his building and city council was debating a key point: should development continue to remove its veto while their buildings are under construction when the tenants are being charged full rent? Kasser worried about the reaction of his bank, his mortgage holder, his insurance company, other landlords and Toronto's sensitive Jewish community. At the end of the day he capitulated to Bruce Thorne, let the evicted tenants back into their apartments and agreed to negotiate with the association.

At subsequent meetings Kasser met the association's demands on several rent matters and promised all work on the building would be completed by mid-December. (The deadline was not met.) He also agreed to accept a new model lease based on the contract used by the Urban Development Institute — a relatively enlightened association of big developers in Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto and Halifax. Among other things, UDI landlords pay interest on security deposits. When more contractors and other owners demanded, the Eastmain association proved its collective strength was no passing matter. It called a second rent strike in February, ignored by more than 70 tenants who were all prepared to face a lockout.

In Montreal where back rents are lower, Tenant Power has never its troubles in other ways. It has been because a force to be reckoned with in all the Outremont, which is Trudeau and Berthelin country. Last year when the municipality dropped a "temporary" seven-percent tax on Outremont's 3,000 tenants, they promptly formed an association and captured 200 votes on the town hall. It wasn't just the tax itself that angered them. It was the fact that in Outremont, as in many other cities, tenants have almost no municipal rights. They can't run for or sit on council and they can vote for only one out of three aldermanic candidates in their district. The slogan of the Outremont Tenants' Association is "No taxation without representation."

Further downtown in Montreal, the Junior March Tenants' Association is locked in negotiations with Concordia Estates Limited, a development corporation that plans to bulldoze the area's quiet but steady grey-stone houses for an urban renewal scheme. After active young professional people in the area formed an association, Concordia quickly set about making short-term improvements to its buildings. But so far the corporation hasn't budged on the association's major demand, tenant participation in the planning of the renewal project.

Tenant Power achieved much more spectacular results in Ottawa last summer during what became known as the Elm Street fight. A landlord who owned seven dilapidated row houses presented his tenants with a choice: either buy the houses for \$15,000 each or move out by September 30. Since none of the tenants could afford to buy — their

average income is \$3,000 — they banded together under Mrs. Elaine Bedard, a slender woman with nerve children and a flair for politics. Mrs. Bedard soon rounded up church and council support for her organization and forced the landlord to let the tenants stay. The landlord then offered to supply the materials for renovating the houses if the tenants did the work themselves. When it turned out that he didn't have enough capital to back up this offer, the tenants undertook to raise the necessary \$42,000 on their own and lend it to the landlord at three-percent interest. "When tenants are beginning to organize," says Mrs. Bedard, looking back on it all, "is that we are the masters of the city."

On the subject of collective bargaining, the former masters of the city tend to have a collective no-comment. "Our policy is that we're not saying anything," explains an official of one apartment-owner's association. Individually, many landlords are worried that Tenant Power isn't moving the situation in its proper historical perspective. Ten years ago, when high rises were springing up like stylized loadsheds almost overnight, landlords were laying out handshakes, providing drapes and even offering trips to Florida in an effort to woo tenants. Some of them went broke. "Five years ago there were rates to burn in this town and we tried to take our licks," says Vancouver's Mrs. Eva Vinnar. "Now that we've got full occupancy, leases are up in arms. Is that fair?"

Landlords also have a plausible defense for security deposits. If the deposits didn't exist, they argue, rents would be higher still to cover the cost of insuring damage. Says Al Centre of Toronto's ubiquitous Greater Property Trust, "Abolishing security deposits will only penalize the good tenants and not the bad ones."

In general, however, landlords recognize that their years of dominance are ending. Most of them extend a lukewarm welcome to Tenant Power and its aims if only because the other alternative lurking in the background — rent controls — is as onerous to any home-owning property owner. Ottawa, Toronto, Windsor and Vancouver have all been lurching with the idea of introducing short-term rent controls and Montreal already has controls on buildings erected before 1951. But even tenant associations are wary of the relative benefits it accrues every developer. Instead, they say, are more houses and not more controls.

The province are responding to the legal reforms demanded by Tenant Power with varying degrees of speed. The Ontario government delayed legislation until its Law Reform Commission completed a study of the problem. The commission's report, published just before Christmas, contained 34 recommendations, ranging from the outlawing of security deposits to the establishment of rent-review boards. Although slightly shaken by the sweeping status of the proposals, the government has indicated it will act on the report sometime this spring.

Even when Tenant Power achieves all its objectives, no one should expect landlords and tenants to settle down to a totally peaceful co-existence. There will always be squabbles. The conflict between the owner and the motor is in itself as inevitable as the war between the sexes. But certainly today's tenants will have a lot more to look forward to than did poor Rebecca Rogers who died in Folkestone, England, on August 22, 1888. Anyone who has ever been a tenant will appreciate the ode ordered on her tombstone:

*A house she built, 'twas made of such good fashion  
The tenant ever shall pay for expansion.  
Nor will the landlord ever raise her rent  
Or run her out of doors for non-payment.  
From chimney-as the cold air free  
To such a house who would not tenant be? (C)*

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# STOP HERE WHERE CANADA STARTED



FORT CHAMBLAY

**F**or France, the St Lawrence area was a sort of Algeria of the 17th century. Local Indians helped, harbored the French settlers, and smuggled on furs down to the more profitable English markets in Boston and Albany.

France invaded heavily in the effort to establish her North American empire through a chain of secure forts. Chamblay was one of these forts built on the Richelieu in 1665 to house French soldiers engaged in the on-again off-again fights with the English and the Indians. Five destroyed it in 1708, but Chamblay was rebuilt, only to be surrendered to the British in 1760 when France's ambitions collapsed with the end of the Seven Years War. From then on, Chamblay

remained in English hands except for a brief American conquest in 1775. The retreating Americans burned the fort, but not enough to prevent the British from building it again.

Although its fireproof, stone walls still mark the memory of English power in the New World, Fort Chamblay remains French in spirit for many of the people there. As Armand Racine, a local businessman, explains: "The best thing about the fort is that it lets your imagination run free. When I was a child I used to play Indians and French soldiers right in the fort itself. Now I'm 57 and have my own children, but whenever I go back to the fort I still like our imaginary things."

The hardships were shared by the people here, and the people here had to be vigilant in many ways. For instance, about eight or nine miles of tough bush and Indians separated them from the best fort, La Prairie. So they found a dog—Monsieur de Nagasaki they called him because his mother came from Nagasaki—who used to like to visit La Prairie to call on a bitch he knew there. So they started tying messages on his neck as Monsieur de Nagasaki.

As shown in the 1640 drawing, Chamblay's walls (right) were designed against cannonball attack.

west back and forth. But then was the communication line between two places.

As for the Indians, they had many ceremonies, including a big one where some of the Indians didn't make it to the fort and were trapped outside by the Indians. There are still food stores in the granary for two children who were caught so that one of the French network of forts gradually fell to pieces. The big turning point came when Major Gordon sold the Lacrosse Territory to the U.S. This land stretched right up to the Great Lakes, so the sale cut the French possessions in North America in half.

The fort changed hands many times during its life. First the British took Chamblay, then the Americans. Then the British again. But after all, it was built by the French and so naturally most of the people from here consider it a French fort. France can seldom claim it important enough to have Governor Frontenac visit here. To us it is a romantic and proud thing. Once when it was much better guarded, but if anything ever happened to the fort there would be a lot of very unhappy people in Chamblay, believe me.



TEXT BY JOHN ZICHMANN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
HORST EHRECHT  
AND JOHN ZICHMANN



#### SAINT-MARIE

From the start of the 1600s, the French had wooed the Hurons. The French wanted furs the Hurons had. About 30,000 natives lived in some 20 villages around Georgian Bay, and soon the powerful Jesuit order saw in them an immense convert potential. In 1659 the ethnologist and the spiritual came together with the founding of Sainte-Marie. Among the Hurons

in the next 30 years, the Jesuit settlement became a sort of wilderness community centre. Farms developed around it and trade grew under it and very soon the Hurons faced extinction, dying by thousands from white men's diseases, famine and the fighting Iroquois, thus were down to a few hundred by 1695.

The priests themselves suffered from the hatred of the Iroquois. Five Fathers were martyred at their hands. Surrounded by empty villages, the Jesuits had no choice but to give up the mission. On the night of June 24, 1649, they set fire to Sainte-Marie and left.

Today, Sainte-Marie sits on a remarkably detailed reconstruction at the foot of the hill to the Martyr's Shrine. The Hurons are gone but the Jesuits remain perhaps now and then finding a new kind of convert in the 120,000 who visit during the summer. It's all quite possible, as given Brother McGivern with a female in his eye.

"The Jesuit Fathers who came here 350 years ago were proving something still to be learned by many people today — it is not enough just to be near someone you care for, you must learn to love him as a brother as well."



Brother William McGivern

The settlement found a massive dock on the shore of the Wye River. At its peak, it provided the Hurons with a trade of European religion, trade, craftsmanship and architecture. Though a point of controversy, there is evidence to indicate that Sainte-Marie had the first printing press in North America, built to handle the Algonquin Huron canoe.

Yes, the first printing press, the don't, were like a Peace Corps. No pay, just hard work. Even the first doctor suffered his services for nothing, though he was paid enough as a doctor to later become a Royal Physician in France.

The Fathers found it first that they were not

having much success with the Indians. For 22 years they didn't get one single convert. Instead, the Indians kept wondering why these men were trying to bring some sort of new religion, what was in it for them? In a way, the torture inflicted on the Fathers were an attempt to find an answer. You can see it reflected in their letters — poems on losing water as a variety of hardships, leaving out longpass to parallel preaching. Yet with these acts, the Indians realized that the Fathers loved them enough to give up their lives. And that was the turning point.

People today think of these stories as being barbaric acts confined to a savage mentality. But they don't realize that these things happen even in this century. There were stories of mine who suffered unacceptably while doing missionary work in China. But this happened, like the martyrdom here, but more than just religious spirit. It shows that if we have strong beliefs and faith in our traditions, we can build a more stable and serene life as a whole.

"You can see it right here. Anyone can come and stay to rest at the Sainte-Marie Inn. You are not asked why you came, you need give no reason. Yet you'll find after you've been here for a few days, an incredible peace and inner quality exists in Sainte-Marie, the atmosphere of Sainte-Marie and the Shrine gives people a new strength to go back to the cities with renewed peace of mind. That's why this settlement has come to be called the home of peace by the people who live around here."





#### BATOCHÉ

Half white, half in Indian, the Métis were a doomed society. They had tried to farm the lands around the Red River but had been pushed out by the new wave of white settlers from the east. Their leader Louis Riel, had been banished to the United States.

In 1884 the Métis were once again threatened with no legal right to their land, they were about to be expelled from their new settlement on the shores of the La guerre. Desperate they sent to Manitoba for Riel.

Riel returned and soon set up his own government. As a show of strength, he offered terms to the North-West Mounted Police at Fort Carlton to surrender peacefully. Instead, the

Métis sent 100 men to meet the Métis, and at Duck Lake, in a close fight, you pushed me first, then I pushed you, and both sides died shooting. Several men died.

The next week met with the news. Lawton had been murdered. The government sent out Gen. Sir F. D. McDougal against the rebels and the Métis retreated to Batoche. Outnumbered and outnumbered, Riel's forces were completely broken up after a four-day battle. Riel himself escaped but surrendered later. He was found guilty of treason and hanged.

The Batoche site still honors the Métis today. The cemetery, the church and the graveyard are simple, and monuments to the men who were killed. Riel, a traitor by the law, remains to many a victim of a lost cause government.

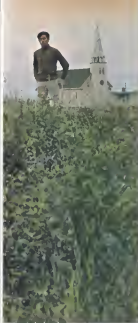
Larry Pilon, who grew up a few miles from Batoche, explains: "The people in the area have a one-sided view of Riel. They think he was all bad, but really he had some very good ideas. The government at the time was not just to the Métis. It refused to listen to their problems about the land, even when the Métis were desperate enough to send a representative out and in person, it sent out soldiers."

The Royal Grenadiers under General Middleton attack the Métis.



men who began dividing up the Métis land. The Métis got very angry because they were afraid their land would be taken away from them again, just as it had been before around Winnipeg. They were looking for a leader. They called him Riel. Riel was not a criminal. He was an educated man. I'm sure he did not want to fight the government, because he was smart enough to see he would have no chance. As things worked out, he finally did have to fight them. He was in Batoche after he was captured, but they gave him a trial. As his reward, he was hanged.

A death brought some good, I suppose, because at least the government took some interest in the Métis and problems. What made the situation even worse for the Métis was the fact that life in the land at the best of times was very hard. Of course, Riel could do nothing about that. All he hoped for was that the government in the east would not use its power to take away the land the Métis had used as their own. "Nowadays people like to think that the whole Riel Rebellion was just a misunderstanding. But I think it was much more than that — the government just didn't care about Riel and the Métis. That is why Riel tried to set up some kind of government here in Batoche to look after the land and the people. The government knew that and came down here to burn them down. Since you know, it Riel had won, the government buildings of the province might not be in Regina today, but right here in Batoche."



Larry Pilon (left) stands in the graveyard in front of the parish church of St. Antoine de Padoue. The church, built in 1884, was reconstructed by Riel and served as his headquarters during part of the experiment. Some of the benches in the interior (left) still remain from the original construction.



#### FORT LORNE

Thirty miles south-west from Batoche, Fort Lorne sits in the middle of the Richelieu River on the shore of Lake Huron. When first occupied, it was a small sum of one bag of wheat, nuts. In 1790 the river went up somewhat when the French built a fort on the island. The British attacked the fort summer with a force of 7,000 men. The French surprised the attackers, but after a four-day campaign, they found themselves surrounded on three sides and running out of food. Finally the order to evacuate came in from the governor in Montreal. The 300-man garrison fled at night. The British took Lorne and destroyed it. But 50 years later the British returned, repaired the ruins. Now as a naval base building war ships during the War of 1812. The ruins were searched on the island, including the 36 cell Confession, the largest workshop on Lake Huron. This time the end of the war brought continued construction and the fort was moved to its present site in the 30 years following 1822. The Governor General of Canada, Charles Lennox Duke of Richmond, died that year, and the new



Fort was named in his honor. Armand Blaisguy, the Fort's superintendent, has been on the island only two years, but already finds himself drawn into the acts of the island. As he explains:

Fort Laroche is different from other places like it because when you come here you don't just stay in your room and go. The fort is only a part of an island so beautiful that you have to see it to know what I am talking about. No one who comes leaves right away. The island's trees, St. Paul, is just a small place, 1,500 people maybe. There is a post office, a church, two stores. That's all the people know each other for generations, so they have no hurry to go anywhere. Still, the visitors and tourists have been coming here for a long time, too, so the local people like to have them here.

"Most of the locals think of the fort as French,

since it reminds them of the days when France was a power in Canada. It is all a very personal thing, even in how much attention you pay to the fort itself. Some people who live here look at it only as bread and butter on the table, something that brings in the tourists. They're always saying, 'I haven't been on the island for 25 years, I must go soon!'

"There are other people who find the island so beautiful and interesting they come here practically every Sunday. They see the museum, they see the river sweeping by, and they get to feel that this was truly one of the strong points of the whole chain of forts along the Richelieu. I look at the Visitor's Book sometimes just to see how the people feel about Fort Laroche, and they almost seem to have such good things to say. Sometimes there are threats not to visit by night, but that is hard to hear because the fort and the island are so beautiful."



#### LOUISBOURG

As the British built Louis XIV, Cape Breton remained the only French possession in the Atlantic coast. France was determined to make this a permanent and unshakable base, and in 1720 Louis XV poured in the first of \$10 million in modern money needed to build the fortress.

After 30 years of peace France declared war on England in 1744. French privateers began terrorizing Acadia and New England. Desperate, 4,000 New Englanders lay siege to Louisbourg to break the French power. When the 63-day siege of war Vignat tried to run supplies through to the fortress, it was captured and, soon after, Louisbourg fell to the New Englanders. Four years later, Louisbourg was returned to the French by treaty. But after 10 years of peace, the older Pitt came to power in England and demolished the oldest of Louisbourg.

Once again it was besieged and in July fell again to the British. This time, the relentless Pitt ordered it "most effectively and most entirely demolished."

Today, 175 people are working to reverse the result of Pitt's order. Scheduled for official opening in 1972, the reconstruction drew 385,000 visitors last year. Jerry Roach, an artist who has worked on the project for the past five years, admits that the fortress has brought him a new experience.

"At first, history to most of us is like some cat that's built up — dry and uninteresting. But once you get into it and find history means real people — perhaps doing things similar to what you do — it becomes a totally exciting experience. When I first came to Louisbourg five years ago, I was historically fairly ignorant. But I soon found that things here made me appreciate the lives of the early settlers and the way they lived. For instance, the clothes and land here at certain times of the year are almost overpowering — incredible things, trees hardly able to grow, spruce dotted with birch."

Yet through it all I discovered that it wasn't the French or the English who were the winners in the Louisbourg story. It was the land. For instance, when the New Englanders besieged the fortress and captured it, they lost only 57 men in the action. But they lost 900 men to the first winter here.

Since no painting has always been concerned with some sort of my own in nature, I find myself sensitive and receptive to this aspect. However, I know that the other sides of the fortress — the construction, the artifacts, the design and so on — all have become a challenge. And that challenge is to interpret the fortress to its visitors in the most exciting way possible. The beauty of Louisbourg is that we can create here a total environment. In this we've been helped a great deal because the French government here we have extensive documents as well as artifacts to work with. This is, for instance, that when you look at a pot, you don't just say "This is a pot." You say instead, "This is what life was like, using this kind of pot."

"In spite of the occasionally austere environment, the fortress will be able to envelop you in a reconstruction and atmosphere you cannot find anywhere else on the continent. If you think of yourself coming out of one of its homely places, out into a happy night with lights glimmering off the cobblestones, the old public running here and there in the cross-crooked narrow streets, then you'll know what life was like in the 18th century, and realize that, that, you'll be a part of it."



Though a potent drink made from the angeline plant (right) helped raise the soldiers' spirits, the fortress fell to the New Englanders in 1745 (above).



#### PORT LANGLY

**E**very year on November 19, Premier W. A. C. Bennett calls his cabinet to the big house at Fort Langley. There, he holds a meeting in honor of the day in 1859 when, on that site, Governor James Douglas laid out the proclamation making British Columbia a Crown Colony. Originally built in 1827 by the Hudson's Bay Company to compete with American trade, Langley was the furthest point on the Fraser that the ocean-going ships could reach. It shipped supplies to Hawaii and the Sandwich Islands. It sold wheat to the Russians in Alaska. It brought protection to the local Indians from their enemy tribes. But in the late 1860s Langley began to slip. The Russians left Alaska. The gold rush died. The fur trade thinned out. Even the Indian missions stopped after 1833, when the fort's new pound canon destroyed a fleet of threatening war canoes. Finally, the big ships started to bypass the fort on their way upstream. Langley was abandoned. Today the fort has been rebuilt to host some 150,000 visitors a year. They come to soak up

the frontier atmosphere through the fort and through visiting to the local people, people such as Alex Maves, whose family has lived around Langley for more than 100 years.

"My grandfather, Mr. Maves came out to the original '49 gold rush. He was a real adventurer. He came around the Horn once, then through Panama a second time. When gold was discovered on the Fraser, he came here. He found a piece of land he liked and thought it would be a good idea to bring the whole family out from Scotland. So he did. Even brought his grand mother in a wheelchair right across the continent."

"The land was right by the fort here. Of course, the fort was the first Hudson's Bay post near the BC coast. At first it was prosperous, but with time the steamboats were going farther and farther up the river, so the fort fell out of use. Finally, around 1867 the Bay got the fort up for sale and Mr. Maves bought it."



Alex Maves

**F**or many people, the forts on the Fraser had no use for the fort as such and didn't care too much about it. All it was to them was a good farm beyond. So gradually the buildings were torn



down one by one, except a small house that used to be the gold store. "Mr. Maves had a ferry-horse built right here on the site. When I was a boy, I used to sleep in that farmhouse when Grandmother and I ever. Where you see the Big House now, there was just a big pile of rocks. And beside the old store, there was a barn with a shed next to it. Nothing else. The river, which used to run beside the fort when it was built, had already taken a new course farther away."

One of the Maves children lived to see the farm. Eventually the old farm was sold and the buildings went the way of the creek and fort. But ever since, I've always felt that the Maves family had something very special here. Then I found out there were other people who were interested in restoring Fort Langley. The Board at Trade in Langley got interested. Then some people in Victoria got interested. Finally, we formed a restoration society and got some people in Ottawa on our side. The Maves family had donated some of the land on the old fort site about 25 years ago, but not too much had been done. But then the government gave it over to the Department of Northern Affairs and things really began to happen. Two years ago they even put in a new Canadian Museum beside the fort."

"Now they say they get about 150,000 visitors here a year. A lot of them young people. I don't think the fort and history should give them any great lesson or more of to learn. I just hope they enjoy it and get a good feeling of their heritage. A place to be long."

## FORTS: WHERE AND WHEN

The roads to the six places you're just read about are delightful and simple. Although local accommodation has usually been a step behind the visitors' appetite, excellent food and lodging can be found within a 20-minute drive at the most.

One word of caution: through hundreds of years our historic sites have sucked in a raw quality that comes only with wilderness. Use fire when they are dry, but yet patrol. A visit should never be rushed, take a day at least. Be slowly.

### FORT CHAMBLEY

Follow Highway 9 from Montreal to St. Hubert, then Highway 1 to Chambley. Total distance, about 20 miles. The fort is open year-round from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. at

Gouverneur's quarters and ruins of infirmary mark different stages in the restoration of Chambley.



though the museum is closed during the winter months. There are even some picnic grounds beside the fort with barbeque pits under the chestnut trees on the shore of the Richelieu. Some accommodation can be found in nearby Chambly, but St. Hubert offers a wider range of good hotels and restaurants. Admission to the fort is free.

### SAINTE MARIE

Located on Highway 12 just outside of Montreal, Ontario, about 30 miles north of Toronto. Between May 17 and September 15, Sainte-Marie is open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. From then to the end of the season, October 15, the doors close at 5 p.m.

Private tables and barbeque areas are available. The settlement can be reached by the river as well, once longer docks provide moorings on the River Way. The famous Marjory's Shrine is at the top of the hill. Beyond it, a lookout gives an extraordinary view of the entire lake from their glass Bay Island. Admission is one dollar for adults, 25 cents for children, a family maximum of \$2.50.



The log church at Sainte-Marie. Steeply down the hill, the log church at Sainte-Marie. Among the Hurons.

### BATOCHÉ

Follow Highway 11 for about 60 miles north and east of Saskatoon. Turn off right just before Duck Lake and follow the signs. A free cable ferry takes cars across the Lower Saskatchewan. Batoché is open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. during the summer. No admission charge. Of all the museums, Batoché retains the rustic atmosphere closest to the days of its birth. Named after a commemoration in Prince Albert, about 20 miles away.

### FORT LENOX

Take Interstate Highway 96 from Montreal to St. Jean, then to St. Paul. Private ferry takes passengers to the island for 50 cents. No cars. The fort is open from May 1 to October 31, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., seven days a week. The fort provides good mooring facilities, splendid picnicking on the island, good fishing. Admission free. New hotels being built in St. Paul itself but very good lodging can be found in St. Jean.

### LEWISBOURNE

Twenty miles southeast of Sydney on Highway 20. The fortress is scheduled to open officially in 1972 with all facilities ready for the visitor. However, visits are permitted during construction, although entry to the buildings is restricted. The end of summer 1969 calls for the completion of the Dufferin St. Louis, the fortress's most elaborate and ambitious building. As yet, Sydney remains the nearest spot for good food and lodging.

### FORT LANGLEY

From Vancouver, take Highway 1 east about 30 miles to the Fort Langley sign. The fort is open year-round, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. in July and August and at 9 p.m. for the rest of the year. The Centennial Museum at the fort is also open from February to September 15 and is closed Fridays. Admission to both the fort and the museum is free. Motel accommodation can be found in Langley, six miles from the fort.

For more information and free brochures, write direct to any of the National Parks.

A Madeans  
report on  
the lure and  
lifestyle of

# WATERWAYS '69



An estimated one million Canadians own pleasure boats. This means that if you count beds, water neighbors, get friends and miscellaneous neighbors who claim to be aboard, close to 20 percent of the population this summer will experience the kiss of the waves, the tang of the air and the peculiar pleasures of life afloat. Clearly boating is big. Why? Because a boat is not just a machine from a hull with the necessary amenities added on top. For some, it's magic transportation. For others, it's adventure and the primal form of competition. For still others, it's the passport to a dangerous and gay and time life style that's sunnier and cooler than the shore. But for everyone, even for people whose marine experts are limited to cutting and revealing a puddle and like a boat is a dream that, so frequently often comes true. This is a report mainly for landlubbers, on the diverse and restless, the lure and lifestyle of the great Canadian love affair with boats.



# HOW TO BE AN OLD SALT

Anyone who doesn't own a boat can be intimidated by anyone who does. This is because sailors, even novice sailors, know all kinds of secret stuff that landlubbers don't know. As a service to landlubbers everywhere, Maclean's proudly presents its Instant Seamanship Guide: master it to-night, and you can pass yourself off tomorrow as an Old Salt. But you'd better learn to swim, too.

PRODUCED BY  
JOHN SCHWANS  
AND JON EBY

Quick, what has kept you away from boating up to now? Fast, right? Admit it. Oh, it's not fear of something physical, personal delusions or anything like that. No, it's knowing that the whole boating scene is one ineffable intimacy just waiting to infect all sorts of unimpeachable sights and sounds the moment you and your new boat hit water. If they had their way, they'd shove you head and make you shrimp up a distant mast.

But how to turn the tables? For starters, consider the Instant Seamanship Guide Rule Number One: being an Old Salt is all in your head. Take the established bastions themselves. Why the crossed anchors on the flag? Why the tattered? Why all the fancy talk? Basically, that's why someone exactly. Cope the great boating thing: it's their dear landlubbers, who are afraid of you. Ahead that you'll pick up all their secret information over and blue right into their secret language dress and rules.

And in truth, they're right, because if you read closely, you'll become an indispensable Old Salt long before you put the major boat to anything else. So, with our anthem of *Red Sails in the Sunset* in the background, on to Lesson One, that problem of language.

**Right isn't right — it's starboard**  
Boaters are fierce labelers. Every thing has its own special name, and most words different from the one you normally use. It's all a bit like the army, where a gun isn't a gun it's a rifle. Everything is and isn't at the same time.

Take the simplest article, the boat itself. You say it's a boat. They say, yes, remember it's a *bow*. And the back is a *stern*. Turn it to the left: it's to port.



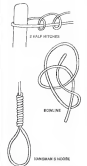
STERN

STARBOARD

Right, it's to starboard. If you're driving it, you become a helmsman.

Of course, this is pretty arbitrary stuff. You'll find they'll soon start throwing such things as *stern* and *stern* and *bow* and *lubber* at you. When that happens keep in mind two things. One, try to retain the convention: is the subject of the boat itself (bow, stern, starboard, port, remember)? Two, if any term sounds even vaguely familiar, leave it until the urge to guess what it means inevitably it will be the opposite.

The name game is tough, and it's no shame if you sometimes feel that it's all enough to make you jump off the edge of the gunwale. But a pronounced gunnel.



## Tying out on

Although the Encyclopedia of Knots and Fancy Rope work lists some 3,200 knots, let's stick to the three shown above and measure all but your several inches. Practice takes just some two (that's rope) and any round solid object, such as a Jacobean table leg. First, sit under the table. Then take the line in both hands and carefully following the diagrams above bend the line around the leg in the appropriate loops. Easy, no?

Well, perhaps you don't have a visibly arched ribbed but seat in

words, it's still a crutch. Take the two half hitches. For instance, just bend the line around the leg, then over and under the long end of the line and then over itself. Then under and up through the loop formed by the two half hitches.

If it's not to really work in the other two knots shown, all three are useful in their own right. The bowline (pronounced bowline) forms a bento loop that can be fastened very quickly by the two half hitches make for permanent light mooring, and the better knot was a bowline on the bowline. In any case, all three are quite nice once you get the hang of them.

## Beware of the light is the rode

Like broken in a cat, the anchor at a boat is not to be taken lightly by the serious boater. (If you don't feel serious about this part.) Good anchor will depend on two things making the rode (anchor line) as long as possible and keeping the anchor on its side in the water. So the anchor's effectiveness depends on the scope (the length of rode compared to the water depth). With a scope of two to one the rode twice as long as the depth of the water, for example, an anchor's effectiveness is about 12 percent; a scope of 10 to one is about 85 percent effective.

The rode should always be coiled neatly each turn a little inside the previous one. Then when the anchor is dropped the rode runs out and is tangled. And for goodness sake, be careful not to step onto a light (length of the rode). If you have lots of scope it's a long way down.



Why is this man looking salty? It could be the beard, the hat or a horrendous gut.



Possible redemption: a pair of topcoats soaked in big water and dried very dry.

## The wage less and Guts

Strangely in a boat of topcoats and only will wear a special seal makes them disappear an seal seals and rocks and ornaments much under witness. Obviously Guts. Topcoats worn with socks. Also in a sailor's hat, an band, either empty or full. Let's name and Jason Air Lines flight bags are highly praised. Like topcoats they should be well worn. (If you must on carrying something under the lid, by a collection of hats, white topcoats, baseball cap, yellow shaver.)

Intentionally in sailing charts of mysterious winds. At least are chart of local waters also speaks well. Let here you must be able to identify the nearest point of land as well as at least one potential hazard (rock shoal, sunken jet, collision course, etc.). Also impressive is a good mount of color photograph of the last Amer-ica's Cup winner.

Society in filling up your own gut tank at the local marina. When you are ready for this, the man at the pump will let you know. All others on the line are contract sail in hot spots but reaching for the pump has been could set your social progress back.

Gradually the patient use his first name a bit. Or Jack could I please, Jack, have some gas, Jack? And make frequent long legs to see up as much gas as possible. Your day will come.

Ultimate Deal. Wearing a shipper's cap on anything smaller than a life preserver. However, since the fact that sooner or later someone will give you one to go with the new boat. If the donor is a friend, take it. But if the person is a crew, then it's only one course space will for a jolly day and run full till into the wind. If you are lucky it will blow off and sink at the wake.

## Message received, I think

When boats start talking to each other, it is a flag-ship ceremony. Most flag-ship would say. There are 40 flags in the International Code: 26 letters, 10 numbers, three repeaters and one code flag. The complete set is rarely found in a repository. Having all 40 flags on a visible page is essential to ensure a good purchase copy of Jacques Gertner map of the New World.

Some flags, though, are more useful than others. Casual messages such as "Keep clear of me, I am not maneuvering with difficulty" are sent by showing one flag only — in this case, the letter D. For disaster situations, two flags are flown at the same time to add "Urgent and important" to the message. A and P together, for instance, will warn those around you that you are in a bad place because you have run aground and because you have found a good hiding spot.

One last suggestion for two flags to have. They are H and P, very useful for one upmanship on inland waterways, particularly the Great Lakes. "Hulmeers are executing navigable with caution."



Overall: My April is an intricate deal.





# BOATS BOATS BOATS BOATS

The world has gone mad with boats. But madness, like five sprits, can be just right in small doses, depending on what one likes and how much one can stand. In any case, for night delirium, wags to go, read on



## Fishing boats

When the water starts spilling in over the tops of your rubber ending boats, it's time to think of getting a fishing boat. The favorite of the weekend fisher is the 14-foot outboard with a 50-hp motor. Small and sturdy, this brief format craft leaves lots of room for fishermen, gear, refreshments and catch. Cost: about \$750 for boat and motor.

An alternative is not to own a boat but carry a motor in the trunk, renting a boat from the nearest marina. This is especially popular in British Columbia, where the fishermen follow the salmon to wherever they are running. The pit motor for the job is the 20-hp light enough to lift should yet powerful enough to make a run for shore if the wind blows up.

The perks, of course, inlaid on the canoe. Quiet and light, the fishermen come in a special design, strong in stability. A trick is to carry a plastic bag with 60 pounds of water in the bow to keep the nose down. All equipment is loaded close to the center and packed low to the bottom of the canoe. If the water does become a bit rough, a 15- or 20-hp engine on the stern provides an added burst of speed if necessary.



## Big boats

The cabin cruiser remains the great gazing Cadillac of the waterway. The fishing boats account. For a while, the do-it-yourself enthusiasts tried to cash in on some of the surplus stores and prestige, but the ugly ducklings they made served only to show off the professionally built boats.

A cruiser means money because that's what it takes. A 30-foot plywood (the cheapest material) boat costs about \$25,000. For low glass, add another \$7,000. It takes at least 24 feet of lead to accommodate a wife and child in any semblance of luxury, and in low glass that takes about \$10,000.

Long time can be expensive: a 20-footer with two engines gobbles gas at about a gallon a mile. Seats get roughly three times the mileage but cost twice as much to buy in the best place, so their economy depends on how many times you plan to travel around the world. Each sitting in one seat tends to be costly. This is especially true around the larger cities, where limited mooring space costs about \$450 per year.

Still, the weekend traffic jams are increasing the practice of boating in the cottage for a cruiser. The 20- to 30-foot boats dominate the market and the influx of the non-swimmer is encouraging the boat builders to stress more speed and comfort in the family cruiser. For their unstarved luxury and sophisticated pleasure fueling on water there's nothing like it.



## Houseboats

The most dramatic change in boating in the near future clearly concerns the houseboat. Originally, it was a tendering cottage on pontoon, particularly suitable in anything except a stream or open lake. Now it increasingly stresses water with the once unapproachable cabin cruiser.

The secret has been to adapt a modified V hull design to a roomy, livable cabin structure. The essential formula is comfort over appearance. A 37-foot houseboat with two engines can pull a skier at 33 mph yet sleep eight at the same time. It is designed for living, full kitchen system, sound proof, full kitchen with stove and refrigerator, shower, hot and cold running water. The cost, around \$19,000 is still a \$29,000 less than a cruiser of the same size.

But for all its newfound toughness, the houseboat remains a built-in psychological simplicity. It is attracting people to a large boat who would never else attempt to skipper a cruiser. As yet, Canadian manufacture is restricted to two or three companies and recent data notes the purchase of U.S. houseboats prohibitive. However, the U.S. growth — where houseboat sales have tripled in the past three years — is expected to spread to Canada, and Canadians will soon have a wider choice of domestic built craft.



## Water-skiing boats

The horsepower race is early on when it comes to water skiing. Forty horses are about minimum, but a far more satisfactory power output is achieved from somewhere around 55 hp. However, highway speeds are unnecessary. In fact, competition skiers are never pulled faster than 36 mph. To make them turn faster in the slalom, the boat still gives the skier speed, but the length of the tow rope is shortened.

Added power is especially helpful to pull the beginner to his feet as well as for keeping up the speed when skiing more than one. Skiing with a lot of leads used at at least 30 mph but even more power is needed when the towboat has to change speeds to meet changing wind and tide-height conditions. Here, the driver is the critical factor. Once on the skis, the skier's height is dependent on the speed of the boat.

Choosing the kind of boat for towing depends largely on the kind of water you're skiing on. On a small lake with a smooth surface, a shallow V boat gives the best ride. On rougher water a heavier V craft is needed to give directional stability. The boat motor combinations are also vital, but a 16-footer with a 40-hp motor is a good one to start with.



## Sailboats

Probably the best idea you can ever have about buying a sailboat is to put it off a year. Now a sailing club is in vogue. For starters, it's easier to get into a club without a boat with mooring space. In short, really, most clubs are forced to discriminate in the kinds of boats they can make space for. Also, the average club has too many boats and too few good crews, so finding a ride is no problem.

Each club cultivates its own favorite classes. Unless you're a potential new sailer at the bow, it's a good idea to make your first boat one of the peak. Short length, however, doesn't necessarily mean a craft easier to sail; you have to be an expert and a puppet to handle a 24-foot dinghy properly, while a 15-foot Albacore is a natural, lively, easy, stiff, sturdy and not too wild to control.

Learning the rudiments of sailing takes about 200 hours, learning to race, five years. The supermarine can square in about 80 to 90 races per season in Ontario and even more in British Columbia, where the season goes for 10 months of the year.

Moving up the status scale takes money in geometric progression. A 15-foot outboard costs about \$1,000; a 25-foot outboard with sails costs about \$7,000; another 25-foot boat with sails costs the cost. Club fees range between \$25 and \$400 per year, with \$300 about average. Initiation fees are extra, but can usually be spread over the years joining a sailing club is still cheaper than playing golf.



### Racing boats

In chits per dollar, racing boats have it all over the average. Fifteen hundred dollars in Brooklyn buys a competitive Class B stock outboard hydroplane and about 70 miles per hour. Outboard hydroplanes tend to dominate the field in summer, particularly in Ontario and Quebec. With highly tuned production engines, the stockers are light, bouncy and exciting. A Class C stock runner sits top 70, yet the driver, boat and engine can weigh as little as 475 pounds total.

Races usually consist of 12 boats. They have a flying start and run five miles over three laps. The amount of racing varies each year, but the sea before driver willing to travel can test himself in at least 35 events a season. Though meet meets do have prize money (except on water rescues for most in motorboat hobby).

Quebec, too, is an active supply. Big meets such as Valleyfield Quebec can draw 40,000, but they are rare. The majority pull in a few thousand. However, crowds are growing, down by the name and speed of an increasing number of high-performance skid-horn runners roving with seawards wide open.

Compared with hobbies such as bullfighting, mountain climbing and sky diving, boat racing remains relatively safe. Though races were frequent last season, no one was killed.



### Trailer boats

Experiencing land costs of inboard boats have created a new society — the water hippies. They envision life to be a different life every weekend. Their weapon is the trailer.

Trailers take anything up to 45-foot craft, which require a police escort on wet. But the real scourge of the highways is the 800-pounder, ideal for carrying the popular 14-foot outboard. Equipped with lights and safety chain, the quality product of the trailer must cost about \$180.

Towing a fast boat up to a third off your car's gas mileage, depending on the size of the boat. Though the driver usually quits his speed by some 10 or 15 miles per hour, modern rubber design actually makes for the best tracking at usual driving speeds. Nylon lines offer no special brakes to stop, but the larger trailers can be equipped with separate electric or hydraulic brakes.

Getting at a lake should be no problem. Most areas have municipal or provincial laws guaranteeing free access to lakes for the public.



### Funny boats

If it can float, it's a boat. The moon, sand, and up dropped in fleet of waltz boats.

The last inventory is a 19-foot three-inch piece of clear glass with two bucket seats, a flat bottom, custom steering wheel and optional racing stripes. It takes on a recommended 20- to 35-hp motor dropped to the back, but the adventuresome have towed anything up to 65 horses. Price: \$805, plus motor.

The Ski-Flie is an expensive surfboard with an outboard motor up front. It takes up to 15 hp. The driver stands, holding two ropes. Having set the throttle at required speed, pulling on either rope turns the Ski-Flie to the side. Price: \$425, plus motor.

If going into the bush, diving or exploring underground lakes is in your future, check out the inflatable dinghy. The eight-foot version folds down to a 30 by 20 inch bundle. When blown up, it carries three people or an 800-pound load. The 12-foot model holds six to eight heavy loads. The dinghy is also anchored into several pockets of air, so if it's not full if you should run aground. The eight-footer costs about \$175, complete with oars, fast or hand pumps and repair kit.

If that's too slow, try shooting while water in a kayak. It dries only three and a half inches of water, so all you really need is a paddle and a diving mask. If you should need the 35-pound kayak's steel glass is light and strong enough to bounce off anything that isn't jagged. Even half of water, it remains unsinkable. If it has flotation foam at each end, Stokor competition model costs \$175, the double-bladed paddle, about \$12. □

**It's a small world after all. We know it.**

And we know it well. Like our own backyard we tend to make it a little smaller. By means of an international flight network that connects 60 cities in 45 countries. Big cities like Montreal<sup>1</sup> and New York<sup>2</sup>. London<sup>3</sup>, Paris<sup>4</sup>, Rome<sup>5</sup> and Moscow<sup>6</sup>. Tel-Aviv<sup>7</sup>, Johannesburg<sup>8</sup>, Cairo<sup>9</sup> and Athens<sup>10</sup>. And smaller cities like Almaty<sup>11</sup> and Dar-Es-Salaam<sup>12</sup>. Los Angeles<sup>13</sup> or Bangkok<sup>14</sup>.

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## YOU & YOUR MONEY

### How 'safe' are the banks?

If you invest your own money — and we're talking about something a little more solid than a fling in a penny stock or a bet up in a piggy bank — you will have to consider bank stocks.

Banks are only the single most important growth area in the investment industry. There are well over \$1.5 billion in bank stocks outstanding, more than enough to make a good market. This is in contrast to other markets for the share of so many Canadian companies. Such firms tend to be smaller, therefore have smaller numbers of shares available. That's why someone wants to buy a big chunk of the stock, or sell it, the price responds so rapidly. Not so the banks.

The banks pay dividends on their shares, of course. For practical purposes these dividends rise without rising, falling just as the dividends do. A typical share was around \$12 or \$13 early in 1984 and closed the year over \$16.

Some investment houses have continued to recommend the purchase of bank shares at higher levels. They are impressed with the ongoing new powers granted the banks — once regarded as merely conservators — in the Bank Act. Banks are allowed to mortgage (which yields higher returns) and freed from the ceiling that once partially limited their ability to raise interest rates on loans. More important, the government has made it clear that it wants the banks to compete and innovate, not sit like old ladies members of a private money club.

There are a few analysts who are still not convinced about bank shares in the immediate future. Because of new, more rigid rules on how much new free money banks may keep in reserves against possible losses, banks will have to pay more tax. On the other hand, when left after tax is net profit, so they will also — and paradoxically — show higher profits. Maybe the one will balance the other in the minds of investors.

A word about the rather peculiar industry. Banks are money factories. More than 51 percent of the national supply of money is bank money. The big five — Royal, Canadian Imperial, Montreal, Nova Scotia, Toronto-Dominion — in their last fiscal year had a total profit of \$114 million, compared with \$132 million the year before. If they had not added a huge \$139 million new reserves against losses, profits would have been still higher. The banks are a vital part of national money policy, a big part of the economic fabric, and at the appropriate time, and certainly over the longer period, a solid investment. □

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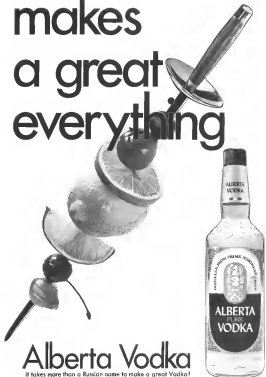
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# IN PRAISE OF OLDER HORSES

THEY think, to ASP, as if you're going to mess with horses as if they're dumb. Beneficial but dumb. And yes. The trouble with most novice riders is that they have much less experience than the horse — and they're engaged in a contest in which the horse knows the rules and the rider doesn't. Consequently the novice is beaten before he starts. What follows is a string of bruises, cuts, bruised knees, etc. before some sort of understanding is reached.

Most horses have this uncanny rider system with which they pick up a beginner's timidity at 100 yards. When they do it's only a matter of time until they'll try to run their bluff and buffet him. The best can maneuver itself in many ways ranging from refusing to move except toward the barn, lying down in the creek and rolling, seeking out low branches to pull them backward, or off into a creek apple tree. That's what my old riding horse Barney did to my wife Sylvia during her maiden voyage. He knew I'd give him hell when I caught him, but he just couldn't resist the temptation. Sylvia fell on her neck home. Though, and that's what it's all about.

Kiss your father Barney. My 20-year-old son can run screaming up to him, pull his tail, crowd under his belly, poke his ribs and generally make his presence strongly felt without fear of retaliation. Of course the kid isn't scared and Barney doesn't feel threatened by little people.

I'm telling you all this about horses because the odds are getting better every day that your kids are going to want to own one. Kids have taken over the light horse industry and have done wonders for it. They have quarter horses in particular and have been instrumental in the growth of the breed which turned its rapidly only 27 years ago. Now there are more than 500,000 of them, and this is only part of the story. All over the continent there's been a population explosion in horses. Today there are more North Americans on horseback than at any time since the invention of the Model T.

The old saying says: "No good about horsemen's" has almost been wiped out by the horse explosion. Today anybody can ride. I've known horses since I was a small boy in British

Columbia. But it wasn't until last summer when I acted as a judge-cum-facilitator on a trail ride across 130 miles of prairie that I fully realized how beneficial the sport has become. Seventy-four riders set out from Estevan, southwest of Maple Creek, Saskatchewan and ended up five days later in Medicine Hat. Not all the riders were expert horsemen. Some were barely beginners. The oldest member of the ride was in his 60s. The youngest was an expert named Tony Hays, aged four. All of them were devotees of what's probably the fastest growing sport on the continent: four legs could be rare.

When it does happen, most parents get all hung up trying to buy the horse and not get had. I think they get too hung up on age and soundness. The kids are full of old companions who are certainly over the hill for calf roping or show jumping but can more than make up for lack of youth with a wealth of experience and a philosophical approach in dealing with children. So though the old fellow isn't as sound as he was five years ago, he still probably has more give than you'll ever need. And never underestimate your kids' ability to turn an older horse to wondrous health with love and love.

We kids back home learned to ride on a cold-blooded (little or no hot or thoroughbred breeding) Andalus pony. He was miserable. You could do anything on him, including fall off his back, having a cup of tea. Nothing scared him. Three years ago while riding home I found he was still going strong and breeding a new batch of kids to ride. He must have been 20 at that time (about 100 by human standards). Most western kids seem to prefer old stags and are always getting darts that would give a breeder type of horse the screaming meemies. These ponies don't look that great, but if the kid has really got the bug, he'll love that old horse and trade up to something better in a couple of years.

Then the circus horse show thing can take over. In Texas and California it's an awesome sight to see whole families going down the

IN WHICH  
**IAN TYSON, COWBOY  
AND TROUBADOUR,  
TELLS WHY  
SADDLE SORES  
CAN BE FUN**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST EHRLICH



**L**ast summer Ian Tyson joined a five-day trail ride that cantered, loped and galloped across 130 miles of prairie. Here's how it looked from the saddle

S

ight-seeing on horseback is great, because horses have a leg at each corner so they seldom fall down."





**T**he thing about horses is that they're dumb. Big, beautiful and dumb. But they always respond to love. Which is why big horses always get along fine with little kids"

franciel tube while Marie-Lou Jean keeps us with the Joneses by adding more back stitching on the new saddle and getting the \$100 Tony Lama rings for boots that might as well get involved at this point anyway, since someone has to load these horses into the trailers and haul them to some distant rendezvous of the Poncharvra Junior Trail Riders Club. Remember, too, someone has to baby-sit those horses. You can't just pick up and leave them for a week. For the reason, boarding and training stables have sprung up all over the country. For \$80 per month and up, weekend riders can have their horses boarded, trained and shod.

Most of us will never become a Jersey Day in the jumping ring or a Keny McLean riding coach. So far across the board, all-the family sports excitement, the western lifestyle — like the one I joined last summer — is hard to beat. Mom, Dad, the kids, everybody. Sight seeing from a saddle is great — horses have a leg at each corner and seldom fall down, so you don't have to not where you're going.

Take a deep seat, relax and enjoy. Mind you, about the third day out you probably won't be taking quite as deep a seat. But then when you get off it feels fine — much like the guy who stops basting his head against the wall.

At the finish of last year's triathlon I preferred to sit in the beer parlor and tell of my great rides of yore without actually putting in the ride. Not so the elderly ladies from Manitoba, the school teachers from Saskatchewan or the kids from everywhere. Every morning found them rising to go. Thirty or 40 miles later at the night camp they'd organize arguments and swimming parties and give bouts of attention to their tired ponies. I'm sure they would have ridden to the Pacific if we'd let them.

Scenery in Alberta is as unfolds from horseback is breathtaking. The green benches of the Cypress hills, dotted with fat Hefflands, roll far miles. You can see 30 miles in one direction and the Bear Paw Mountains of Montana lie hazy blue far to the south. At the end of the first year (and some who with colored tent and blanket, and you watch the purple night sky unfold as a new that makes you realize the high price of living in Toronto.

Next year? Well, next year . . . some hard budgeting, maybe. The important two-horse tandem trailer, maybe a fancy new quarter horse mare with King-Lee breeding, well trained with plenty of pins. Dream on. □



**Y**ou don't have to be an expert to spend a week on horseback. Beginners were the biggest enthusiasts, Tyson: "I'm sure they'd have ridden to the Pacific if we'd let them!"

## Take the scenic Yellowhead Route to Edmonton and Jasper National Park



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Over the Yellowhead, the effective provincial capital with 405,000 family people. You'll have a lot of fun here, especially during our annual Gold Rush costume carnival, Roadside Days! (July 17 through 20). Our show is blue, but it's it's classic and our average daytime summer temperature is 75°. Soft swimming and fishing and all kinds of outdoor fun are at their best in Canada and north are cool for rental sleep.

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### MAILBAG (over page 18)

#### Travel posters

**You write, Write Today! Don't Delay! You Can Get Something For Nothing!** I send out New York office as a scout for travel posters of Great Britain. It is, in fact, some years since we have been able to offer free posters, because of rising production costs. I can only suggest that readers who want travel posters apply to their local travel agents. LINDA ROBERTS, SELECTION, PUBLIC RELATIONS, BRITISH TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 20, BORTH.

#### Establishment: slandered?

Re your reference to *The Bachelor At Night* (Your Letter: Wrong, You'd Find Them All In Moscow, Russia). The editor of our school newspaper printed a careless version of this article. I rep "you-down" because our principal acts as a censor, and told us what we could leave in, and what to omit. Granted, we didn't get all the four-letter words you spoke of, but we got enough so that we got the idea of the whole thing. No one was suspended or expelled. I guess the Establishment isn't as Victorian as some students like to think. BRUNDA BARTWICK, BRADFORD, ONT.

#### Razer job

TV critic Douglas Marshall does a beautiful job of making CBC's *Front and Company* (Review). He says he didn't bother to see it until he observed that people "gazed every time the show was mentioned." This intriguing physiological phenomenon inspired him to "take to an aerial occasion." Armed with the background, and a more than adequate, he has been able to dig out a wealth of facts, long articles without having to wait for valuable time waiting much of the product he consumes. Personally, I believe CBC should encourage a slightly unbalanced variety show out of Toronto in a move to develop and expose Canadian talent and keep it in the country. P. WARDEN, VICTORIA.

a Marshall into the question: Is Your CBC Channel Serving For With Second-Hand Goods? What does he mean, second-hand? A lot of us think many of them are fresh, fourth and soon last. Don't let us hear, we're getting more and more sleep. We lost our temper long ago — MICK O'CALLAGHAN, WESTBANK, BC.

a Please find me as a shelter member of Douglas Marshall's newly formed organization, CARPOT — Canadian Association Representing People On Their I would like to see the members of producers. Preparation for these children are normally scheduled between 10:10 and 11:30 a.m. — at weekend time, as everyone except preschool children is occupied carrying a lamp. However, this does not stop the CBC from looking for progress of the air at any time in favor of public-affairs events — at least unless so adults, who aren't there. MARY E. THOMPSON, MONTREAL.

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**Mr. Jerry Nelmschick:** "I needed a tractor because I have a two acre lawn to mow. I looked over several makes before deciding on Bolens 1800. The performance has been everything the dealer said it would be. I wouldn't hesitate at the slightest to recommend it to my neighbors. And, by the way, I've cut 18 hours mowing time in half!"



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## The Ann Spiller case

### "MY CAREER HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO AN END..."

by one person. As manager of the Pen-  
tector, BC branch of the Royal Bank of  
Canada during the late Miss Ann Spiller  
hoaxed the bank out of a large sum of  
money, I feel that it is my right and  
my duty to comment on the article that  
appeared in your February edition (*Late-  
r one Can Do! At Millions*). My career has  
been brought to an end after 33 years  
with the bank through a circumstance  
which I consider is most unjust. It is my  
view that any bank manager would agree  
that he must rely upon adequately trained  
and seasoned accountants to protect him  
from twelve years in Indiana prison  
records. Of much greater importance,  
every manager must depend upon impec-  
cable procedures to protect him from what  
are, under existing faulty conditions, un-  
fair and unjust rules, which hold man-  
agement responsible for such unforsee-  
able events. I have been held responsible  
under the unfair rule which has not been  
supported by adequate protection. How-  
ever, as I have saved all my bank-  
related files and, therefore, as I appreciate  
management must assume some degree  
of responsibility, I must reluctantly ac-  
cept termination of employment, even  
though I consider such action to be un-  
fair and unjust. I am not ready to accept  
only five months' reduced salary after 33  
years of good reports supported by a  
prominent officer. Unfortunately, at the  
time that the shortage was discovered,  
I could continue for several years but, as  
it might be necessary for me to travel to  
several cities in pursuit of justice, I will  
confine my letter to comments on the  
article appearing in your good publica-  
tion. To begin with, let me say that since  
at one time I have any reason to be  
suspicious of Miss Spiller. Never at any  
time did I see or hear of the concerned  
banks, branchings, shifting, employees  
or travel as outlined in various publica-  
tions. If she ever wore the bag or jewels  
to work I did not see them and I am  
of average appearance. Facing your  
editor's comment about her suit, the  
bank does not have a garter, let, and  
while I have not yet seen the suit, I am  
fairly interested in such and would have,  
I am sure, made it my business to iden-  
tify the owner of such a suit had I seen it.  
I know some people in Penetector where  
anyone else in the city and both my wife  
and I circulate widely yet never heard  
or saw anything to arouse my suspicion.  
Let me say, too, that the situation was  
not discovered by a new member of the  
staff as indicated. Other reports have  
suggested that my assistant discovered  
the suit — this is false. Had I ever  
seen or heard of such spending I am  
quite sure my suspicion would have been  
aroused. — E. L. GILSON, PENETECTOR, BC



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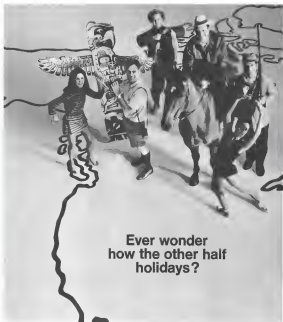
Everybody talks about saltwater corrosion (it can happen in polluted fresh water, too). Mercury does something more about it this year. Every new Mercury outboard is built of a special new aluminum alloy, "XX." It's more corrosion-resistant than other aluminum alloys used in outboard motors—and it's 40% stronger. Everybody talks about paint scuffing and peeling. Mercury does something about that, too. A new 4-coat baked enamel finish goes farther to prevent paint failure than anyone's ever gone before.

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Make this your year to fly!

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# HANDS OFF MY DOOR KNOBS!

They used to make things that didn't cut, cripple or confuse when you used them. Now they're "improved" them. And this cut, crippled, confused and Angry Man has had enough. Stop it, he says

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Erroy now and then I come across an ad showing an engineer in a business suit and safety helmet standing at one corner heading like "Must Kill Wilkins." His designing your world of tomorrow, and I wish he'd just take a long coffee break — say for 30, 40 years. He has already learned around with all the common household objects — doorknobs, taps, electric plugs — until none of them work as well as they did during the reign of Queen Victoria. I don't think his engineering progress or anything but what a confused mind can do with a slide rule and some of his cautious are hard to believe — fluorescent restaurant lights that make the food and all the women look green; doorknobs big enough for acrobats; that make your hand as they open, and plastic rings devised so that no matter what you do, taking a shower is like playing Russian roulette. His ideas are inhumane, and all bad.

There's a type of tap now that has just one handle for both hot and cold and when you pull, push and turn as if you were driving a 1927 Tiger Mark II, nobody can figure out how to work it without instructions. A friend of mine, who spent three months salary on a completely useless bathroom told me that his across-the-law who was visiting from Wisconsin, spent 20 minutes in the bathroom the first morning, weeping and whispering before the finally gave up and came out and admitted that she couldn't get any water out of the tap, which is just 19 minutes longer

than it used to take to press a pump. Good. Khan wasn't more arbitrary than modern plumbing engineers. The designer of the taps in my kitchen can't completely eliminate anything resembling a handle. You give them as if you're tightening a nut by getting your fingers between little slits that protrude from it like old broken fingertips. The bathtub taps don't even give you that much satisfaction! They're slippery hemispheres the size of golf balls, and you can't turn or keep them that if you sit on the edge of the tub to talk about it you'll get up mightily fast, because this same designer has had two shower-door tracks along the edge of the bathtub that are as sharp as belugas' spines, and they work on you when you're lying from the tub and soft and easily wounded.

Some of the people who are creating today's hardware must have not reading. They're right through design class in which it is taught that design should conform to the human body. The knobs on the kitchen-cupboard doors in my apartment have been replaced by sharp, concave, steel discs set so close to the doors that if you certainly leave your fingers wrapped around them while the doors open, they leave welts. The bathroom doorknob is the shape of a doorknob but half standard size, an innocent-looking change that forces you into trying to wrap your fingers around it, which leaves your knuckles up against two sharp cut screws that work on them like these grates.

A new kind of doorknob found everywhere now isn't a knob at all and has very little to do with doors. It's shaped like a tennis-racket-head with a handle but it has no neck to grip and it's made of some lather-farmed metal with a coefficient of friction lower than steel or ice. You can't get your fingers around it. You can just barely turn it, and the only reason you can open a door by it is that your fingers don't slip quite so fast as the door opens. My French literary has this kind of knob. The other day I opened a women's clothing store's inquiry novels in one hand and was trying to turn one of these knobs with the other to get into a corridor. When she saw me looking at her she said, "I think it's to try to discourage children from using the washroom."

This obsession for changing things that already work is spreading so fast that I spoke to a man I know who works for a steel-products company and asked him if he could explain to me why the bars had been eliminated from my little, so that when I sit it to pour the water out of it the stream comes right up my knuckles and scalds me. He looked at me coldly

and said that the designer's biggest problem, after he had considered the new materials and production techniques, was people like me. He said I was too dumb about what I wanted and bought things, and he couldn't be more right. I'll fight his kind of change until the day I die, and if I find out who a few of the designers are who changed all the things that work for me, I'll try to come back. My new aluminum desk chair is designed as if I had arms that extended only an inch past my elbows, and the only reason that it isn't is that it's no longer possible to find the old wooden ones. It just barely fits my hips, cuts into my thighs, won't hold a cup of coffee on the arms, and gives me a very feeling that I'm sitting there in a pair of pants that need letting out.

There's no grip on the plug on my electric razor cord. I have to work it out of the outlet as if I'm working a nut out of a wall. ("I wrapped mine with elastic bands," so old man in a ski cap told me the other day, pleased that he had converted the latest advice of science.) The horn button that used to be in the middle of my car's steering wheel has been replaced with a thin metal canard-like turn with a wheel, so that I never know where it is. I approach every emergency looking as if I'm sweating flies. The old map of my gas tank, which

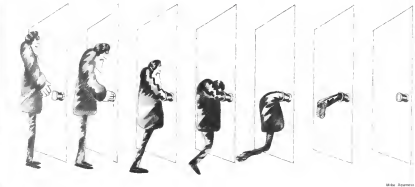
had a little brush attached to a cap that screwed off, has been changed to something called a new free-flow fingertip nozzle, which becomes constantly cold with the same wonder glue that was recently shown on TV commercials holding up the Baltimore Colts, and I keep a pair of pliers in my desk drawer for the sole purpose of prying the nozzle loose.

But, as a matter of fact, these things have nothing to do with industrial design. They're vital concerns in industrial design are trying to eliminate. Good design does not necessarily mean change. In Switzerland, which is conceded to be the high school of design in the field, anything that has been worked out by generations and does the job is left alone. There's one kind of tap, for instance, throughout the country: a cross shape with smooth edges, angled toward the user, with a blue dot to indicate "cold" and a red one for "hot." Even these markings are an improvement on the ones on my tub, which are engraved like a wedding invitation so that you have to put your head down into the tub to read them. But the point is, the awful gadgets that we have to cope with are not designed by industrial designers but by engineers, patent attorneys, labor operators, salesmen and the men who build his business up with his bare hands and still design toilets, plugs, chains, everything but airplanes, on the

back of business envelopes. They originate with phone calls. "That one with the chrome spigots is selling like hot in Pine Ridge, Harry. Please cut out another catalog." The only reason for their existence is that they can be turned out by machine like pig sties.

Back in the early 1900s, manufacturers decorated their products with arcs, knobs, curves, riveted steel, screws, spindles, cast-iron eagles and fretwork, which is called Victorian and now considered dirty but it's hard to see why. They were at least put there by someone trying to do something extra for his customers, something that's now as rare as Upper Canada bed warmers. Toronto's new City Hall, a movement to self-discipline in design that incorporates many of the very latest ideas in architecture, has one entrance, so that if you come at it from the north you have to walk around half the circumference of the building, one of the oldest walls in winter south of the Pyrenees. The Mednick-Hunter Building, which is new enough to have the right split, has a kind of portico that looks like a roof but lets the rain come in on you. The new escalators at Simpsons in Toronto have a sharp metal bar angled precisely so that it shows every woman's undergarments, and in the Archadian Court girls' room the armrests are made of a polished material that sets as a name. It's horrible. Nobody knows where to look.

A lot of the very latest innovations find their way, for some reason, into restaurant design. The restaurant where I usually have lunch has been completely renovated so that you can't see out the windows. All the new chairs have thin metal legs that take up half again the area of the seat but are hard to see and they get tangled in other renovated chairs and in people's feet. One of the restaurant nights during a long lunch hour a businessman is lying. Every now and then someone squashes one of the new soft cushions with the hole poked toward him so that sometimes you see a businessman covered with cream filling. The same restaurant has a new self-check of wooden balls and movable beads that you can't lift the time by until you're standing at the cash register, when you're leaving anyway. The men's and women's restrooms are distinguished by a bar and a counter. This track of leaving the whole thing up to your knowledge of birds let me down recently when I looked too curiously at a bar and found myself standing and waiting at a woman's at the sink, trying to put her at last rest, figuring she'd get into the men's washroom by mistake, then finding out that it was my mistake. But I really really. The mistake started with modern designers who couldn't move well enough alone. I think it's time they did. □





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# THE GREAT NUTRITION GAME

How it's played with dice (below)—and with your shopping bag (right)

BY MARJORIE HARRIS



## HOW TO PLAY THE GREAT NUTRITION GAME:

1. You need only a pair of dice and a lot of good food.
2. For tokens, use nuts, nutflower seeds, dried beans or your imagination.
3. Number of players: the family.
4. Throw dice and follow instructions on board. First to reach center wins.

DAVID JACO

Everyone is an expert about food. The people who cut the stuff are experts on how it tastes; manufacturers are experts at creating new products to sell us; stores are experts on presenting those products; the Food and Drug Directorate is expert in seeing that our foods are safe; the Department of Agriculture is expert in keeping our soil and our farmers happy; and behind them are the dietitians, food chemists and nutritionists making sure we eat the right thing. So if all these experts are doing all that work, how come an expert cook, such as myself, has become increasingly confused and unhappy at how bland and meaty-meatier most of the food we get seems to be?

With all the packages, the cans and the frozen meals available, and the emphasis on convenient preparation, it's become much too easy to buy by price alone, instead of thinking about taste and nutrition.

I wasn't always so fussy about food. I used to be satisfied with making tacky sauces to disguise the supermarket chicken specials, or throwing together a fast meal from packages that contained starch, shortening, propylene glycol and monosodium. Then a few years ago I became a customer of Mike Desborough, who has a butcher counter in the back of an excellent little downtown Toronto fruit store.

Mike talked me into buying one of his turkeys for Christmas. "It's more expensive," he warned, "but I guarantee it'll be the best eating turkey you've ever had." It was an incredible turkey — I couldn't believe there could be such an enormous gulf between his turkeys and the ones I usually bought. Well, I haven't bought a frozen job for years since, except to make pies, stews or soup. For real eating, I go to Mike. The difference, it seems, is that his turkeys are reared on free-range. "My turkeys live a natural life — they even have dirty feet when I get them. They're on high-protein diets, but not kept prisoner in a little coop and force-fed on an almost liquid diet." Unfortunately, Mike's turkeys are available only at Thanksgiving and Christmas, so the rest of the time I make do.

Making do generally isn't good enough for my family and I started me on a passionate avocation of finding better-tasting food, and, hopefully, food with lots more nutrition than I'd been getting in my penny-saving supermarket joints.

My first effort was to hit the farmers' markets every Saturday morning. Initially, I had to sort out just who was a real farmer and who was merely picking up produce from the Toronto Terminal Warehouse where the big food industries dump their goodies. I wanted personally handled vegetables. I found that I spent far more money at the farmers' markets, but I did have the assurance that I was getting produce that had been picked within living memory. Potatoes with dirt on them, and not a spot of green anywhere, began

to look as appealing as big ripe juicy tomatoes or strawberries in season.

Finding just-picked, or peak-of-flavor fruit and vegetables can be an expensive, time-consuming passion. We don't own a car and must treat one to venture out of town. But the urge for fresh food has become a profound need that must be satisfied. Sometimes we have to drive only 40 miles to get lucky by spotting a roadside stand that belongs to a real farmer. Other times we treat ourselves 80 or 100 miles out of town with nothing in sight and little conversation in the car but, "here over that hill, darling, I remember a marvelous stand..."

Today, it seems, vegetables being offered in many city markets are bred with maximum in mind, shaped so that they can be easily harvested in volume by machines. There's a square tomato being developed, I'm told, that will ripen at the same time as all the other square tomatoes and will last longer, so that it can be picked and transported without damage. Sounds awful to me. I wonder if anyone will consider how it tastes.

I took my taste problems to Dr. Barbara McLennan, Dean of the Faculty of Food Sciences at the University of Toronto. I spoke enthusiastically of the best tomatoes I'd ever eaten — the ones I grew in my backyard. "Of course they tasted good," she said. "You get them at the peak of perfection and handled them with loving care. Look at industry: there's going to be two or three days between the time they're picked and when you get them. They're going to be handled three or four times in that period. All that handling — and picking before they're ripe — makes a difference. Cut off the normal growing process and the flavor, texture and keeping quality are likely to be hindered. Take eggs. It used to be that the only good egg was one from a farm. Now you can't get to the farms, so big industries have taken over."

Dr. McLennan assured me that the chemical fertilizers used by most farmers instead of organic fertilizers do not affect the flavor of vegetables. "Not at all," she said. "Plants must grow in soil that has all the nutrients. If one is missing, they won't have the best flavor. Industry makes these fertilizers as adequate as it can, and, as more and more becomes known, more elements will be put in."

Still, many people today are worried about all the chemicals being added to the soil, as well as to the water and air. Nobody seems to feel particularly great, especially in urban areas, so I asked Dr. Ross Chapman at the Food and Drug Directorate in Ottawa about the cumulative effects of all these chemicals floating around combined with the additives going into our foods.

"We are keeping the whole situation as continuous

continued



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**GREAT NUTRITION DAME CONQUERS**

news," he said. "When another food additive comes along, the whole spectrum of similar compounds is tested to see if there will be harmful effects."

But what about analyzing total diet samples in combination with air and water pollution? "This is paper exercise, not research," said Dr. Chapman. "It would be completely impossible to work out all the thousands of combinations." We eat all compounds to make sure that excessive amounts are not being introduced into our foods, and we determine their toxicity and what harmful effects they may be, if any. What you are asking is impossible. There is no way of determining if a person suffers ill effects from a combination of air water pollution and food additives."

I found it rather chilling that tons of chemicals are dumped annually into our basic life resources and yet there is no way of checking on the cumulative effects.

I talked with Margaret Pope, Chief of the Consumers' Division at Food and Drug. It seemed to me that there were so many additives and emulsifiers going into our food that perhaps there was a danger here. "No," she said, "there is not too much sneaking. Rigorous standards apply to the amounts of vitamins, minerals and amino acids permitted to be added to specially designated foods."

**H**ow are all these additives policed: is that someone really going into the meaty bread we get from big bakeries? "We have inspectors," she said, "200 in five regional offices and 24 district offices." They are in and out of food-processing plants, checking formulas and food additives to ensure that the levels of nutrients meet our requirements."

Two hundred people to police the food for 20 million doesn't seem like terribly far odds. But there were 57 convictions in the first three quarters of last year. The fines ranged from five dollars to \$10 for low-fat content in cheese, to \$1,290 for excessive sodium in milk and unsaturated condiments. "We regard our work in fighting off potential food hazards," Mrs. Pope went on. "Food accidents do happen. We're here to see that they don't. That's not dramatic and it's hard to give statistics on something that hasn't happened."

Canada is lucky. We have very stringent standards set down by our Food and Drug Directorate. But craning through any store and glancing at the labels on the breakfast cereals in the Super-Krupp-Koko-Kemo variety you realize how little solid food is there. There's lots of deflated wheat germ, sodium bicarbonate, hydrogenated vegetable oil, certified colors, wheat starch, and they all have sugar, salt and milk flavoring. Bread has riboflavin, thiamine, niacinamide added because most of the really great stuff is milled right out of the flour and it has to be put back in. As I left one supermarket I heard a woman say, "Don't

buy that kind of no cream, it doesn't stay hard." I thought to myself, "Quiet, madame, someone will hear you and they'll add a chemical that will do just that." Easy!

**I** am told when even the farmers' market was looking sparse, I began noticing that conversations with friends centered more and more around food, and that several of them were reading a book called *Let's Get Well*, by Adelle Davis. I bought a copy at a health-food store and asked the clerk what she thought of Miss Davis' "Well," she said, "Davis is pretty good, even if she still eats meat."

Miss Davis is an American biochemist, regarded by traditional nutritionists as a food faddist and potentially dangerous. She is also a very good, very convincing writer and her book gave me the incentive to chart my family's food intake for several days. I found it woefully deficient in vitamins. All sorts of vitamins. So, with a little spot-reading of *Let's Get Well* I started administering pills. I worked out the best minimum diet — but did not finish the book.

We started taking vast quantities of yeast, B8 and ascorbin. After five days of interminable pill-taking, I broke out in hives that covered me from the bottom of my feet to my scalp. My husband rushed me to the nearest hospital. The first thing the doctor asked as he gazed at my raw and throbbing face was, "What drugs are you on?" I named my contraceptive pill, plus all the others. He rolled his eyes. "Why, why do you people do these things?" he said. I replied, as he jabbed a needle into me, "Well, you see, I'm reading this book." In my ignorance I'd been taking certain B8 vitamins, but just enough to set up a deficiency in all the other B8 vitamins.

I decided at this point that I hadn't really played fair game with the health-food people, so I made the trip into middle suburbia to MacMillan's Health Centre, Inc. 1939. It's a long, narrow, brightly lighted store — a minor supermarket — that smells terrible to the nostrils. The pale-green shelves, the placeman of the jars of honey, packages of wheat germ, colorless undergarments and all sorts of George MacMillan's devotion to new techniques of presentation.

**H**is is a comfortably sampled man in his 50s, swathed in an array of grey suiting, and pudging about in cordals. "I just got wearing shoes a few years ago. If your feet are miserable, so is the rest of you." Nothing startling there. He showed me his premises with the pride of a man who knows every product he sells, and can stand behind it. "I've never counted, but we have about 1,000 items for sale: from fresh bread made from stone-ground, organically grown wheat to their applesauce." In each of his two stores MacMillan makes about 700 to 800 sales a week. "Some people come in here just for our honey or one

continued

or two items, others do their entire week's shopping in one—these would be vegetarians, of course."

We sat in his little office, at a desk at which were books by Guyton Haines, Dale Carnegie's *How To Win Friends and Influence People*, 1000 After-Dinner Speeches and Knicker's Digest Condensed Novels, and we talked of the income in health-food stores. Most cities and towns in Canada have them—five out in Halifax, 14 in Vancouver to 17 in Toronto. Why are they successful? "Well," said MacMillan, "I suppose people have started to evaluate the foods they eat. We've told us have the best food in the world, yet sickness is common. There are more allergies now than there were 10 years ago. Traditional eaters scoff at us. They find Adelle Davis shocking, too—but new diets are always unacceptable at first, even in nutrition."

Talking to the experts didn't exactly make me feel any happier about the number of synthetic foods around. Then I talked to Alan Phillips, a writer and superb researcher who'd done one of the first articles on cholesterol in 1954, and a series on pollution in 1960 (both for *Maclean's*).

Phillips is a dapper, slender man who looks in good health despite a serious car accident last December. "You can hardly call what I'm on a health look—it can't be that if one wants to live with as much vitality as possible and not give up the real enjoyment of food. I've adjusted my vitamin intake since the accident to help my recovery. I take half-tablet of Vitamin C and Vitamin E plus carotene," Phillips has always considered himself a gourmet, and has a wine cellar in his country home. "We've bought large quantities of wheat germ, which we keep refrigerated. We had as asparagus torte made with wheat germ that was absolutely delicious. We have liver every second day. For a snack each day I have a glass of milk with yeast added. For B vitamins, there's the liver, of course, plus eggs, cheese and nuts."

I asked him about Adelle Davis. "I think she's quite sound. In 1954 I went through all the available literature, I interviewed all the top biochemists on the continent. Adelle Davis had all this information in a book that came just after my article, so I knew the ground she'd covered. Two years later it was made known that leucine homogenates the fats in the bloodstream, she was teaching that it was so. I think one of the reasons she's looked at askance by some of the profession is that she overemphasized to make a point—all vitamins do that. You have to be very careful when you read her."

Any pill-taking without consulting a doctor is dumb, as I'd discovered all by myself.

We are pill-popping on this continent; it seems a lot easier to take a bunch of vitamin pills than to actually create good, nutritious meals. I look at the men I

know who drink a lot, they think that by taking a couple of vitamin pills they'll compensate for the ravages of alcohol. Most of these vitamins are absorbed by the alcohol and flushed out of their systems. They need to eat properly. These there are all these peaty 30-plus men who love to eat and drink who are just plain crazy in their food intake.

It's difficult not to be disturbed by the huge food promotions and the decadent splendor of our supermarkets, and confused by the little we pick up about nutrition along the way. Yet people are trying to find some kind of truth in an over-informed, under-educated society. Food's no exception. If you are interested in food and pay attention to an expert's comment, you're likely to be branded a health-food nut on a health kick. It isn't so. It's increasingly important to be aware of what is happening to the way food is produced and how it's affecting our body chemistry. What it's doing to our palates is another matter. At the rate we are being exposed to packaged, instant, pre-digested foods, label-reading is a must. Soon everything may taste completely different from its natural form. We'll need a computer to figure out whether we are getting enough nutrition along with ease of preparation. Probably it will be more expensive to find simple things. Finding top-of-the-crop vegetables or well-seasoned meat is expensive if you live in a city. I think the search, the expense and the time involved are worth it. I know my family is well-fed and healthy.

Canada is not a self-conscious country—perhaps because we've always felt that there was so much of it around it could be abused. But in our larger cities we are less and less of it.

My Utopia is to have my little backyard garden, as well as some land in the country, so my kids will know where their food comes from and how good it can taste, fresh. I avoid all the starchy packaged foods I eat, I put wheat germ, instead of flour, into most of the food I cook; we eat as close to wholehearted bread as I can find, we all drink lots of milk, we munch away on carrots, celery and apples if it's necessary to fill up. In spite of my pill experience, we do take cod- or halibut-liver oil and brewer's yeast. And the kids have their multiple vitamins. My husband and I eat liver for breakfast every day and, after getting over the initial weakness at the sight of it, we've found it makes us feel just great.

There's no doubt about it—it would be healthier if we really thought about our food before dashing out and buying any old thing in a special. There's no point in just paying for service to Good Karma. With Canada's Food Guide. Think about it the next time you open a package. Does it really taste the way it should—and is it doing the very best thing possible for your body? □

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## HOW TO TRAVEL WITH KIDS— AND LIVE TO TELL THE TALE

BY ALAN EDMONDS

There are certain delights that I long  
since resolved to save for my later years.  
They include fishing, cricket, wine  
driven — and taking The Kids On Holiday.  
It was, after all, the kids as much  
as anything that I needed a car for —  
and if that thought troubled my  
conscience I rationalized with the argument  
that they wouldn't enjoy the trip until  
they were 16, and hence, anyway.

And then last year, along about this  
time, it was decided that John, 16, and  
David, eight, could come along for the  
summer holiday one week of the May  
vacation. The last that can be said of the  
decision is that their presence led to  
extra discussion in the holiday. And  
since a great many other vacationers put  
cars on about now facing a similar  
decision about this year's holiday, a few  
points may be helpful.

**On-the-road diversion.** A kindly neigh-  
bor provided a half dozen Billy Bitch  
sandy buns, butter cookies about a pro-  
cessioner's mobile children's heroine called  
Cuckoo, and a game of dominoes. Cuckoo  
wasn't used 20 minutes, and was discarded  
because of a Pass 7 involvement  
with, I think, backstroke. The dominoes  
were never played, but the child-  
ren drove them to each other and they  
demonstrated some dominoes when by  
sitting around the board and eventually  
passing the footboard. The child has  
introduced us to another new element  
in our journey travel scheme.

Other diversions included spending U.S.  
member plates, eating, counting the number  
of Cuckoo Eldorado we passed, cut-  
ting, making food out of the rear window  
at following dinner, eating, splicing with  
our mother, eating, and asking every 22  
miles, "How much further is Prince  
Edward Island, Dad?" It was a real battle  
to when driving. It took the Indian.  
They also sat at station stops in restaurants — and if given the chance to order  
for themselves, it was an, well, always  
ask for the fish mignon or the lobster  
or perhaps just the third most expensive  
item on the menu.

**Recreational facilities.** Kids' develop-  
ing frankness can cause problems on the  
road. At one gas station, leg-stretching  
son David told a crowd of Americans  
that his Dad (John) was a Canadian who  
lived in Quebec, the kids were first out of the  
car at a motel room and when the  
proprietor asked us whether we  
continued on page 84



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## TRAVEL WITH KIDS

from page 82

solutions in French, Julia, among my students to ask coherently the state of day in French, based today, "That, he speaks English. I can't hear him on the phone."

**Monday:** If your son is more than six, let him do it. He'll probably find you enjoy less after that year with, and a given his the feeling of being involved that child psychologists talk about. Besides, if he does find you enjoy the occupation of your son, you're less nervous than if your wife had had the ring.

**Car sickness:** The first time, offer sympathy and hold the kid's head. Thereafter, two candy bars, ice cream and so on.

**Reflexes:** The kids learn it early. In our case the car, an ability Peugeot, drove up 16 miles. Drive home. Finding a dealership while driving a car with a leaking reflector was interesting. Douglas, as a student and driver and trying to cut a look up the first course of high school. When father stated that he wasn't going any further with the experience, Julia told David, "Don't worry, David, he's got knowledge he's lost."

There were other pet topics to test their patience and knowledge of human nature. And at Quebec City (where we lost David to a spoiled man that basic party soon after around the Circle) we had the troublesome reflector replaced. As I paid the service manager, I said in my best British that the car was going to lose a lot of oil. The service manager, in the word, said that I needed a new engine. I asked whether he thought I'd get in PEI and back again. His Jacques. The mechanic switched a little, and he called across to the mechanic who had fixed the engine. The mechanic stood up, yawned at us. He said I repeated my question. Will the car make it if I keep on it and stop? The service manager passed, and drove the head of my Peugeot over the first experience between French and English. Canada.

We said, in excellent English, "Perhaps you will be lucky. After all, the Virgin Mary had French."

Anyway, Julia thought it was funny. In fact, with the aid of a few incoherent transcripts along the way, we did complete the journey and at one point in Montreal had the playful task of helping a motorist stranded in a malfunctioning 1968 Cadillac Eldorado.

There is an even broader test of family health than the long motor trip. Goodness sometimes up to a small box for bus stop. Your open book upon how it is out of mid-20th-century students. The occasional expense here led many at available kindergarten to the marriage counselor, the director court or the parent.

Conversely, nothing can do more to mend the rifts of family relationships — of your family being so used to "When our trip ended, we said to Julia, had shared an adventure and were friends, not parents and children. At least, we were until the glow wore off about two months later.

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give Mrs. Mose five rounds and complete aesthetic freedom to come up with the Mosei Collection of textiles you see featured here. It comprises 45 designs in viscose knit from silk, Fortrel/cotton blends, Arnel/cotton poses and embroidered materials. To maintain exclusivity, they produced only 1,000 yards of each design and color way. The material comes in 45-inch width, about 10 inches wider than most comparable imports but less expensive.



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the heat on by demanding that the material they buy is Canadian-designed and -milled. As Claire Morin says, "We have everything it takes to produce the most beautiful fabrics in the world right here in Canada."

**CREDITS:** period-style left, dress by Marielle Flaug, at printed tulle; \$3.95 a yd., right, by Suzanne Neve in draped Acetate/nylon plus \$6.95 a yd. (both of Montreal). This page, left, two introduced jumpsuits dress by Joanne Dore of Yum Yum Boutique, Toronto \$12.95 a yd.; right, dress with matching trousers by Suzanne Neve in printed tulle \$8.95 a yd. □



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## BUCKLEY

from page 12

didn't do anything and

Buckley: In my opinion, we shouldn't have gone to war at all.

Maclean: A Canadian may argue differently on this score.

Buckley: Yeah, we stopped taking orders from the Crown 100 years before you did.

Maclean's: After 1919 we went to war. You waited for two years. And some Canadians would feel that we have the right now to say out of the war you're in.

Buckley: Well, you're certainly representing that right. It's a question really of whether there is an identity of interest. I don't deny you your right to say out of this war or even your right to suggest the rich, strong neighbor is to carry out most of the burden. I think that's quite natural. But there were many more people in 1919 and 1914 in America against the necessity to go to war on the same side as Canada, than there are. Canadians imagine about going to war now on the side of America.

Maclean's: Perhaps the wars are different. The war years before looks to people like your little old C-130. And he goes over there in North Vietnam. Buckley: Of course if it were just the C-130. I wouldn't think you would find there sympathy in America for that particular war. We rise that in the current interest. Do you think the war against Phnom Penh simply involved the loss of Ethiopia? It involved, in my opinion, for larger things.

Maclean's: Do you think that Canada can serve America's interest and the interest of peace better by being a nuclear power, by contributing a nuclear role to NATO and NORAD? Or could it act without better by being a non-nuclear power and having perhaps in this way some influence in Africa and Asia?

Buckley: If I were a member of parliament in Canada, I would not support the non-proliferation treaty simply because I would want to reserve the right for Canada to develop a nuclear capacity if the time came when the United States would not defend Canada. I would not want to make any irreversible pledge that we would not, as a Canadian, so ultimately depend on America. Which is why I have a certain sympathy for French's (see D-1) charge. And why I would like to see super-developing a nuclear device.

Maclean's: How do you feel about Canada harboring U.S. ambassadors? Buckley: Well, it is better in reality what is important is whether the U.S. will be in a position to defend itself in Canada in the event of a crisis. This is a question of whether it is up to Canada to decide who wants to attack and it's up to America to decide what the appropriate response will be for the United States to make.

Maclean's: Pierre Trudeau, our Prime Minister at Queen's University delivered a milder-sounding speech a while back. I don't know if you heard about it. He suggested that America falling apart from internal disorder is a greater menace to

continued on page 16



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## BUCKLEY from page 52

Canada's security than the Communist menace in Europe. In other words, if Canada were seeking to protect its own interests, it had better keep an eye on what's going on in North America before we worry about what's going on in Europe. Would you care to comment?

**Buckley:** First of all, let me say that I very much trust quantitative comparisons of geopolitical situations.

**Maclean:** In English, what does that mean?

**Buckley:** These two things are so very different. The reason there isn't much of a threat to Europe is because America exists. Most of America's security depends on its constitution a threat to Canada, it would also very definitely create the collapse of NATO, in which case Europe would really have something to worry about, so that Mr. Trudeau is sort of self-appointed lobbyist for America's collapse, everybody else has a good deal to worry about. If America does not collapse, Europe does not have very much to worry about because our interests are pretty firm in defending Europe and I don't think Canada has anything to worry about. So that Mr. Trudeau's far-reaching doctrine comes down to: will America collapse? Trudeau feels that it might. And I agree with him. There is reason to see that the situation here is out of hand. There needs to be resolution on the part of America to save itself. And in order to save itself it will have to do some very unpopular things toward its unfaithful chairman, just this situation as miserably as Canada turned at Westminster in 1979.

**Maclean:** From the statements and speeches and the public life Mr. Trudeau has been moving into in the United States, how do you feel about him?

**Buckley:** Nobody has pointed out to me any statement of his that I don't know where one begins to find out about Trudeau. I know about his sort of socialist past. I have heard from some body who has known him ever since he was 17 that he is essentially apolitical, that he is a confused socialist and socialist, that he sponsored government in irregularity in a professor's academic at public school in Harvard University. I have also heard that he has no true conviction about government. I find this depressing, but unless he is what I have said, I don't know what he is. I am not sure he is in a position of any sort of government, and which I don't know. I don't know, but I am not sure he is in a position of any sort of government, and which I don't know. I don't know, but I am not sure he is in a position of any sort of government, and which I don't know.

**Maclean:** There are two alternatives facing Richard Nixon as President. There are divorce and commutation. The presidency may perpetuate the divorce. The divorce may get more and more radical. The divorce may become more and more radical and more radical, and the President's working class may become more and more radical. That's one theory. The other is that Nixon could keep all these things and bring a coalition government to power.



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## BUCKLEY

continues in the United States. How do you feel about these alternatives?

**Buckley:** I think it's unlikely that Nixon will be able to achieve a consensus, in part because constant leaking has become a national activity and is the sole source of credibility to the conservative leadership. The question is, are we going to achieve a consensus of majority rule? That I think we will do, but it's going to take some very, very hard and not ideologically American activity toward some of these decisions. I think Mr. Nixon will be capable of this. And he will find perhaps enormous support from such people as James Baker (the assistant secretary of the New York Times, who now knows firsthand what it's like to try and cope with a leaky website. They prevented him from completing a lecture he was invited to give at New York University. The case there that would bring that consensus is a world war — which, God knows, we do not want. Under the circumstances I think we are going to be driven into it as England was driven in the 1930s — but my own guess is that order will prevail. I am pretty, because I share some of Mr. Trudeau's assumptions.

**Macdonald:** What would you consider to be the greatest threat to world peace? **Buckley:** Nuclear war. There is a real bad case in my judgment for total abstinence between nuclear power to prevent accidental wars. That said, I don't think the most between a bad China that recognizes the advantages of adoption and a bad China that refuses to recognize the advantages of adoption is not going to start popping hydrogen bombs around the world, is the element most of our time. One that's got to be very carefully watched. You may not know that I was in favor of a pre-nuclear strike.

**Macdonald:** Against China?

**Buckley:** Against it, nuclear facility. **Macdonald:** Are you still in favor of that? **Buckley:** I'm in favor of continuing to remove themselves, if, for instance, such things come to fairly open knowledge that China was going to start dropping hydrogen bombs on us, let's say, Japan. I would certainly consider what we now call nuclear disarmament. Do you like that?

**Macdonald:** Assertive. That's inadequate. Do you believe in thinking about the unthinkable, as the phrase goes? **Buckley:** The unthinkable to me is a life dominated by Communism. That I consider unthinkable — or by Russia, for that matter. I'm not much in favor of Russia, by God.

**Macdonald:** The business of disarmament. We hear it at the time. In Canada, Trudeau is supposed to be a disarmament leader. **Buckley:** I'm kind of suspicious of disarmament leaders, even just like it is to say, it's wonderful to have somebody of former status who leads you into part of a Tarkenton world. And there's nothing like having someone if you're at war —

who is to collaborate for Churchill of your time in a distant London? On the other hand, a disarmament leader who is at a time when you don't want him to be a Field Marshal. One of the reasons I love Westerners is because I can't see when I'm there of making a trophy. You, by the way, what is the name of the president of Switzerland? I've never heard one person who has been in. This, I think, is a rather ideal. And that I consider to be the ideal society, one which does not rely on government to supply them with weapons. Under those circumstances the disarmament leader is somebody like a bushy.

**Macdonald:** How do you feel about the threat of nuclear war? **Buckley:** I've told people I don't. My God, you've met William Buckley (how often). The conservatives I know Canada's over here. What does that mean? **Buckley:** If it's not conservative, it is often not to be done. Then a man doesn't conservative business, inventing. I don't see the value of their own concept. If they believe anything, or propaganda, is that all conservatives are dumb and stupid and stupid, then they are stupid.

**Macdonald:** Some conservatives seem to believe a lot. **Buckley:** That's true, that's true. Which is, of course, the danger of the stereotype. The stereotype of the law, let's say, in one which we are told without some law themselves. Certainly it is now some complex sociological studies about the stereotype that, if everybody goes around saying "Nuclear war is not a threat and it's not a threat," then they become dumb and dumb to learn. But not the one who is able to learn by being told. They're better off. It's a mistake to say to someone of bright, intelligent conservative. **Macdonald:** With a sense of humor?

**Buckley:** Oh, yes, absolutely. □

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## THE SCIENTIFIC SEARCH FOR THE 'NORMAL' CANADIAN FAMILY

It is one of the paradoxes of the times that while a large slice of our non-welfare state has been built on the needs of "abnormal" families, we don't really know what a "normal" — in a classification of functioning contributions, social workers have blamed everything from bad parenting to sexual deviance on "bad" family environments without being sure what would constitute "good" ones, there is no paradox to measure success in the effort to rehabilitate human sex by alcoholism, homosexuality and sundry other social ills.

This spring, however, social scientists working for the University of Toronto are seeking a definition of normality based on family life in East York, a suburb of Toronto. The Survey Research Centre of York University — a department that trains those type-cast questionnaires who turn in area statistics — is examining the lives of 150 to 200 volunteer families. The researchers chose East York because there is already a body of information about the community in general and because it has an almost equal cross section of income, age, occupation and family size.

Each family will be surveyed once. First, the interviewers will find out where the family comes from and what each member does. Next, there will be group interviews in which members of the family will respond to questionnaires about work and school, hobbies and health, friends and involvement in the community, religion and politics, their relationships with and opinions about others in the family.

Dr. Norman Bell, professor of sociology at the University of Toronto, heads the study. He says: "We want to know how one family deals as a matter of course with stresses and problems that may trouble other family apart."

In this, key questions include: How does the healthy family succeed in handling without stress individual stresses and give members freedom while still keeping them within the family orbit?

Results of the survey will be fed back to the Volunteer Interviewers of the Family and to welfare agencies, and used by them to help families that have problems.

Dr. Bell, 48-year-old father of three, says the first results should be published by May next year, by which time, he adds, he may be better able to say whether his own family is a healthy one. "Trouble at" he says, "we don't know — yet — what we mean by normal." □

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## THIS TAX-TIME ONE OF THE COMPUTERS COULD BE ON YOUR SIDE

BY DONALD MARSHALL

A MODERN VARIATION on setting a dual to watch a thief is hiring a computer to beat a computer. There's something satisfying in the picture of two hunched computers engaged in a programmed battle of solid-state wits on behalf of gray men. The trouble is that computers are still largely the allies of the corporate power structure. Few failed, bent and mutilated private individuals can afford access to one. The enforcement of this situation never seemed more evident than when the Department of National Revenue introduced computerized personal income-tax returns a few years ago. After all, what chance has one rusty old-rusty wired pot against the massive, lightning-fast century beasts of Ottawa?

This year, however, the ordinary taxpayer will be able to even the odds in some instances. For less than \$10 in straightforward cases, he can employ a computer to do his tax calculations for him. Instead of spending hours at day's end in the arduous maze of the T-1 short form, he'll simply spend 15 minutes giving information to a trained computer programmer. This new service is being provided by H and M Taxation Limited, a firm based in Oakville, Ontario, that plans to set up data-collection centres in communities across the country.

Taxation is the electronic brainchild of the firm's president, Dr. Paul Haynes, a 35-year-old business consultant, who got together with Toronto computer expert Michael Kaye. Last year, in a sort of pilot run, the pair processed several thousand individual returns from the Toronto-Oakville area through a computer and found the system worked perfectly.

"Our computer will give taxpayers available to handle as many as two million returns even with the expected peak in late in the tax season," says Haynes. "However, we are aiming for up to one million this year. Eventually, we expect to service five or five million returns every year."

Such key figures are couched by quiet skepticism on the part of Taxation's competitors in the field. They

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point out that the market in Canada is somewhat limited. Although roughly 1.5 million people will be receiving T-1 slips this year, a fair percentage of them are students and part-time workers. The realistic potential of people needing help with their tax returns is only about 5.5 million.

"Taxation are being extremely optimistic," says Douglas Bennett, advertising manager of H and M Block Limited. "I don't see how they can reasonably expect to grab 15 or 20 percent of the personal market in their first year of national operations."

Computers question how deeply the computer firm will be able to deliver into individual tax matters in view of the low fee being charged. "Taxation expects that only 25 percent of its clients will pay more than \$10." They also predict that the main bulk of Taxation will win new work will be Canada's postal service. "The service always start picking up in the April 30 deadline approach," says Block's Bennett. "The postal is, can Taxation rely on the state to get the individual returns to the central computer and back again to the individual for signing before the deadline?"

"The computer may work ahead of the people themselves will find their way. They may come back then or four times, saying they forgot to mention some item and the nature will have to be represented. Our firm looked at the computer system and we'd have decided to it if we thought it would work."

There's reason for H and M Block to be critical of Taxation. It's merely their business that Haynes is out to get. Since the Block company was started by two Kansas City bank-robbing brothers 14 years ago, a bank's stepped growing. Last year the firm grossed 15 million in returns in Canada and the United States, had a turnover of nearly \$40 million and showed a profit of more than two million dollars.

Block's Canadian business is conducted through more than 100 branches, some of them temporary offices that sprout like spring crocuses in February and March. The branches are managed by some professional employees and a small army of part-timers, most of them brunettes, who have taken courses at an accredited Institute-Academy. "They're not trained bookkeepers," says Bennett, "but they do know income tax and each return is checked three times."

Taxation also expects to use house wives as data collectors. The difference is, says Haynes, that he will be selected on the basis of aptitude tests and will learn the collection techniques by means of a sophisticated self-instruction program. "We can

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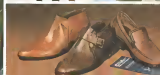
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## THE CONTEST

CONTEST NO. 35

*The stately houses of England!  
How beautiful they stand,  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land!*

That's what this country needs — a little more stately dignity! And what better time to create it than on the occasion — May 15 — of the opening of our 146 million National Arts Centre in Ottawa? As far as we're here able to discover, there's no plan about to emerge for any program for future generations of Canadians. But perhaps if Maclean's readers provide a few appropriate suggestions... Well, you never know until you try.

For winning purposes of the low-brow show that dominates the present Canadian cultural situation — is it ridiculous, however remotely, to the National Arts Centre — Maclean's will pay an amount of cash prize. Risk only what you like with the lot.

The costly house of Bywater!

Address: The Contest, Maclean's, 461 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont. Deadline: April 31.

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 35

Maclean's — those fabulously popular bourgeois wags at which you use the phonetic sounds of one language as crutch a familiar voice in another language — evidently official Maclean's custom study the sort of challenges they risk. (To enjoy a successful sound the words to yourself it you and French words, for instance, appear in sequence as equivalent to French, but they provide the sounds of English words.) In this case Maclean's said, in many instances, apparently confused. After more time following than they've been accustomed to in many a month, the judges awarded first prize of \$25 to Florence McGillem, of Bensenville, Ont., for this rendering of the familiar childhood verse (now understandably out of favor) about the pulling of the ice of a member of the black race:

*It's not so much as it is not  
Gone! class no puller but the ice not  
T F d I'll have no puller puller  
It's not so much as it is not*

The two following entries were judged to be worthy secondary prizes of \$13 apiece. The first of these, from Jennifer Birch, of Downsview, Ontario, contains two familiar nursery-rhyme characters named Telly and Fishy to perform two closely related kitchen chores:

*Pâte que Daphnie aime:  
Pâté Chappie — la pâte est laque  
Pâte à laque la pâte à laque  
A une à laque*

*Since not Pâté, que Telly's puller?  
Some quiche, not Pâté but Telly's puller*  
continued on page 210



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FOR WOMEN AND MEN

*Si tu quies, gaudere hoc potes  
De rebus propriis. Alii vident*

The second 515 poem goes to Miss J.L. Lynch-Streton, Montreal, for requesting the garden growing process of an extraordinary personality.

*Memento, memento, quoniam omnes  
Antiquos gerunt pro  
Dixi, d'it' est bellum est quod  
Rex perit vixit, vixit deus*

For requesting the poem — i.e., using English words to convey a well-known French text — Mrs. Susan King, of Vancouver, is awarded 515. Her poem refers to the famous song of the French-Canadian frontier-plucker.

*Well, memento, John T. Alce, memento,  
Well, memento — that the plucker is  
That the plucker, d'it' est vixit  
That the plucker, d'it' est vixit  
At d'it' est vixit  
At d'it' est vixit  
At d'it' est vixit*

A five-dollar prize for the individual poem rendered by Nellie Van Renssen and Marion Meyer. Oak, Ont., about a jiffy of knowledge.

*Cyrie d'it' est vixit est vixit  
A jiffy d'it' est vixit est vixit  
"Faint-Kiss" Tonia's Myra leaves d'it' est vixit  
D'it' est vixit  
De laque de laque d'it' est vixit  
De laque de laque d'it' est vixit  
De laque de laque d'it' est vixit  
De laque de laque d'it' est vixit*

To A. Dupuy. Adolphe, Ont., five dollars for this version of the rhyme about the married husband who turned out to be looking for a woman.

*Par d'it' est vixit  
Faint-Kiss d'it' est vixit  
Faint-Kiss d'it' est vixit  
Faint-Kiss d'it' est vixit  
Faint-Kiss d'it' est vixit  
Faint-Kiss d'it' est vixit  
Faint-Kiss d'it' est vixit  
Faint-Kiss d'it' est vixit*

To George M. Perry, Ottawa, five dollars for her version of Dorothy Parker's poem "Faint-Kiss".

*Memo, d'it' est vixit — memo que perit  
Memo que perit — memo que perit  
Memo que perit — memo que perit  
Memo que perit — memo que perit*

To Marie Fournier, Trois-Rivières, five dollars for another version of the tale about the contrary girl and her garden.

*Memo, d'it' est vixit  
Memo, d'it' est vixit  
Memo, d'it' est vixit  
Memo, d'it' est vixit  
Memo, d'it' est vixit  
Memo, d'it' est vixit  
Memo, d'it' est vixit  
Memo, d'it' est vixit*

To Florine and Susan Cohen, Toronto, five dollars for the version of the tale about the woman with a husband.

*Cyrie d'it' est vixit  
Cyrie d'it' est vixit  
Cyrie d'it' est vixit  
Cyrie d'it' est vixit  
Cyrie d'it' est vixit  
Cyrie d'it' est vixit  
Cyrie d'it' est vixit  
Cyrie d'it' est vixit*

And five dollars for this poem of Mrs. Susan King, from Susan King, of Vancouver, about the old woman-English pop lute musician's lute.

*Memento d'it' est vixit  
D'it' est vixit  
D'it' est vixit  
D'it' est vixit  
D'it' est vixit  
D'it' est vixit  
D'it' est vixit  
D'it' est vixit*

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# THE TIGER OF CANADIAN CULTURE IS A PUSSYCAT

As CBC Radio's top literary scout and buyer, an editor, critic, anthologist and best friend Canadian writers ever had, Robert Weaver is Culture's man for all seasons. He knows what's best — even if sometimes he doesn't like it

BY JEANNINE LOCKE

**R**OBERT WEAVER, on his last day at the Four Seasons, gives an impression of having wandered in by error, misreading and disconnected that this Toronto bar, before across the street from CBC headquarters, is the office of Canada's anti-culture. His wardrobe and taste are all wrong: slumped over beer and a mystery novel, he has the robustness of the innocent, not, cynicism, misadventure and burst of a man styled in Downtown, Alberta. He seems much to Adeline Clarke, beautifully gliding by, or Norman DePoe, in a jacket of sea-green velvet, holding court in one corner, or Bruce Givens, just in person, who is able to play to his own table and also project across the room to the partner of Patrick Watson. While all about him merges a long beard and reputation earned, the guy hangs on reading.

Actually, Robert Weaver is listening and appreciating everything he hears. He has a fair sense of the ear. It is in the mind-up, semi-worldly of Canada's mass communication, art not letters then anyone else in that bar. Weaver is the midwestern of Canadian culture, the one connected with if you're cultivated enough to be eligible for a publisher, a spot on CBC *Tuesday Night*, a Governor General award or a Canada Council grant to let you do your great Canadian thing in the mass audience theatre of Mexico or Spain. That's why, when he wants to relax over a drink at the Four Seasons, Weaver brings along a book to discourage conversation. His his defence against the private domain of broadcasting who, he knows, are at ease for the performance of print in the South Islands of the bookstores are to be read by E. Frank White over the CBC. The Canadian urge to be

taken seriously, which Weaver understands as well as anyone in this bar, is what afflicts them all, gulls, boys of the CBC and lonely prime poets alike.

Robert Weaver at their best knows. As Assistant Radio Network Supervisor, Drama and Special Programs, he's the CBC's top buyer of talk, poetry, short stories and drama. On the side he edits *The Vancouver Review*, one of the few literary quarters anywhere that pays its contributors. (They may have to wait until Weaver negotiates another \$10,000 Canada Council grant for *Tenorist*, but they do get paid.) Then there are the hard-core anthologies that he edits; he has put together five. His selection of contemporary Canadian short stories, published last October, was "a landmark of a landmark in the history of Canadian literature," according to the *Toronto Daily Star*. "For it reveals a range of work by writers whose talent he has recognized." One of the anthologies, he's about the only poetry critic around, twice a month he distributes between poetry (which he works at appreciating) and mystery novels (which are his taste) is a column for the same line. He sits on the committee of the Governor General's awards and is undoubtedly the least respected known to the Canada Council. It takes letters of recommendation from three authoritative Canadians, voted where, to submit an application for coastal funds, and in behalf of struggling artists Weaver writes not rarely the most letters but the loudest and strongest.

When given an opinion, weight is the most extraordinary knowledge of the whole Canadian — not just Vancouver — since for 20 years Weaver has been a solitary scout, tracking down, keeping in touch with and

encouraging literary talent across Canada by routing it to the CBC. "His basic approach," observes Robert Plaford, editor of *Weekend Night*, "is that the CBC has a responsibility to take people — the poets, the short-story writers and novelists. He's a connoisseur of an editor and social worker." As such he has been largely responsible for the CBC's surprising in the field, as a publicly owned broadcasting system, in some minority as well as popular taste. "He's one of the few men at the CBC who understood the CBC audience," according to Nathan Cohen, who began his career as a driver drive for Weaver and would almost immediately have been fired but for Weaver's intervention. (Cohen's high standards and exacting style made top supervisors nervous.)

It was in 1948 that Robert Weaver, then 27, began to build the CBC to his skill. Starting as producer in the Talks and Public Affairs Department, he quickly moved to two main, *Critically Speaking* and *Canadian Short Stories*, and soon joined the committee in charge of *CBC Weekend Night* (now *Tuesday Night*), a cultural broadcaster that Weaver guaranteed to be anything else. He also launched *Anthology*, a mixed bag of poetry, fiction and interviews, which he moved from a half-hour show to a full hour on Saturday night at a safe time when Canadians are used with history. Since 1956 his third-floor office in the CBC radio building has also served as the editorial department of *Tenorist* magazine. Undercut at all times by books of reviews, edited tapes and Weaver's heavy catalogue of letters, it brings to mind Dorothy Parker's description, early on, when it was "the clean quarter of a tablet window."



Robert Weaver

There are many theories about why Weaver has not only survived at the CBC but kept his position in line. According to Eugene Hollman, who started shortly after Weaver and who went onward and upward to become Vice-President and General Manager of English Network Broadcasting, Weaver has never disinterested himself in his work. "He's a happy man," Hollman explains, "he's not hungry for power — he has turned down promotions that would have taken him away from all these people he helps — and he happens to be one of the best administrators at the CBC." While believing that "the CBC should be committed to certain values which are not necessarily ours," Hollman admits that "it is all of this is not by design but by accident. No one at the

top ever quite defined Weaver's role." Weaver has far too much humor to see himself as a CBC personality, spreading light in Canada's cultural gloom. He has no intention to replace your favorite sports with Al Purvis reading his poetry. Many of Weaver's own pleasures are in words or years and some. With a beer by his side and football on the TV, he's a happy man most weekends from August to January. He pushes people the company of his wife and two young children, a boy and a girl, to the Toronto cultural establishment at play. Once when Cohen asked him to sit in at a drinks club for the Toronto Daily Star at a road-company performance of *Flower Drum Song*, a crummy musical Cohen was too busy to bother about, Weaver went away emboldened. The next morning, after comparing his own long and favorable review with the brief out-

ing remarks of Toronto's two other newspaper critics, he called Cohen to see him. "You were true to the words of the Star and Cohen," Cohen steadily replied. "You wrote what you thought." Since then, however, Weaver has not been called on to write drama criticism.

He was brought up, a respectable member of the middle class, in Niagara Falls, Ontario, and Toronto. His father, a doctor, died when Robert was seven, and the responsibility for his and his sister's upbringing was left among their mother, a successful, independent and a church of saints, one of whom, Emily, wrote Canadian history and novels of a high moral tone. From his woman-dominated home life, young Weaver escaped to football, track, movie double-bills (three a week) and books. After high school he worked for two years in a Toronto bank, which he left to do "highly understated" service in the Canadian Army. His position in the army was low and boring, as he came to be a great reader and was suspected of writing poetry. Later, at the University of Toronto, where he took a degree in philosophy and English, he left off poetry to write book reviews for *The Faculty*, the campus newspaper, edit a literary magazine and help found a Modern Letters Club. From the university campus, it was a short step to the CBC, which he kept on returning literature.

If he arrived at the CBC expecting to provide evidence to a grateful nation, he soon became clear-eyed. "Archie," he once informed a CBC supervisor, "in the only network program where the producers know every listener by his first name." The supervisor recalled that remark when Weaver returned from his next trip west, where he'd been scouting poetry and short stories for *Anthology*. "Has your little band out to meet you?" Weaver was asked. "Only in Edmonton," he answered, "and they met the wrong man."

Weaver's two attempts at editing the top of broadcast (The *Review of Books*, a summer replacement program with "zero rating," and *Fighting Words*) left him content with radio and literary appreciation of why TV producers, living from one 15-week contract to the next, tend to hedge in the Four Seasons, plotting to outmaneuver the CBC.

Writers need to be accurate, according to Weaver, and he understands why. He has plenty of data before him to prove, for example, that literary writers, much more than poets, need a touch of whisky to keep them at their craft. Now that poets are (sly-

only a nut  
would tie a knot  
in a watch bracelet!

go ahead...  
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**WEAVER** from page 117  
results, they can earn both money and applause not only from publishing but also from reading their own works in collection and church halls, on expensive roller campuses and even on TV, whereas short-story writers must scrawl for small fees and objects of fan mail. Weaver points to Alice Munro, a fine Vancouver writer, who had been producing for years when Weaver introduced her to his 1960 anthology, thereby giving Blake Bayley the most coveted literary literary academic, the first nomination of her lifetime. "If Alice Munro had been a poet," says Weaver, "her two applications for Canada Council grants would not have been turned down."

Helping writers, Weaver has been known to reshuffle the schedule of anthology to provide work for good but needy writers and he's anxious for making down payments on unfinished manuscripts. But his social conscience does not interfere with his editorial judgment. Robert Tullard acknowledges "He has a very fine sense of what's good, even if he doesn't happen to like it himself." Nor are his facilities impaired by fondness for a particular author. When Hugh Corbett announced that he had decided to leave the collection of short stories, Weaver, he felt bound to add, "I wish it had been better." "So do I," Weaver replied.

#### Fast tennis-shoe writers

After 30 years in the business of editing Canadian literature, Weaver does not go along with the late university quarters, which are faster laptops about the state of our letters. Each year about 2,500 manuscripts arrive at his desk. Until recent years he had to skim through only about a third of them, the last reminder we said, in the opinion of the modest himself a terror, who does his preliminary editing. Now the rate is reversed. Two thirds of the manuscripts are good enough to require his final editorial judgment. "The hole lady writers in tennis shoes are disappearing," says Weaver. "That's the good effect of Canada's being such a discouraging place for writers."

Considering Weaver's, honesty and long, loyal service to Canadian literature, a reporter reasonably expects to uncover some well-earned, warty comments on the state. But he does not. None is to be heard on every thing. Not even Cohen, who personally turns a very cold eye on one and all his creative works. Because always money when he comes to Weaver. "I just get it checked up," says Cohen, "when I consider that beautiful man." □

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## MEDICINE from page 120

overcrowded lower middle-class group. Dr. Bellmore and his fellow volunteers are now serving at St. Jacques because of what followed the release of Louise Corbin's infant son. Seventy-five neighborhood people with ill school bills and forced the Citizens' Committee of St. Jacques. They spent five weeks preparing a brief, which outlined their plight and pointed up the need for such for-profit clinics. They were turned down by the Montreal and provincial departments of health.

Seventy-two medical students heard about the Citizens' Committee and brought them together with an admitted group of doctors.

Recruiting professional volunteers presented no difficulty. Cyril Blais, for example, a 30-year-old volunteer dentist, immediately offered his services. After a meeting with the committee, he opened a dental office in his own expense and recruited 26 other volunteer dentists.

In full swing, the St. Jacques clinic is more like a family social-scientific conference than a medical clinic. Volunteering such as reception, where board physician Nicole Thériault, who, with the nursing students, serving them coffee. Then she talks about the Citizens' Committee. The message is: "This clinic wasn't given to us. We worked for it. We can solve many of our problems by working together."

It's true. When the committee found the house at 1761 St. Christopher Street they didn't have a penny. Noel Chausson, a carpenter, worked at night, erecting partitions, replacing walls and floors. Other volunteers had floor tiling, a verified plumbing, and painted.

Others are now serving as receptionists, clerks, dental assistants, nurses and translators. They also provide a baby sitting service. They plan to employ St. Jacques teachers as generalists, but that they speak of baby clinics as only the beginning of an experiment. "What we're doing is only a drop in the bucket," says Dr. Helen Bellmore. "And we have many unresolved problems."

One is money. Citizens are contributing only \$200 of the clinic's \$400 needs to overhead. The rest comes from donated individuals and groups, but the committee expects any donation that has money attached. The professional associations — doctors, dentists and pharmacists — are uneasy about the pump on an \$114 St. Christopher. What kind of place is it, they say, where people work for nothing? At least two pediatricians, on the staff of local hospitals, have been forbidden by their superiors to leave their rooms whenever patients in need contact with the clinic.

But the doctors of St. Jacques are not discouraged. Because the state has dropped its veto, they are now exploring the possibilities of water participation in solving such problems as housing, education, welfare and employment. We have learned how to work together and how to stick up," says Maurice Desjardins. "We now have confidence in the future." □

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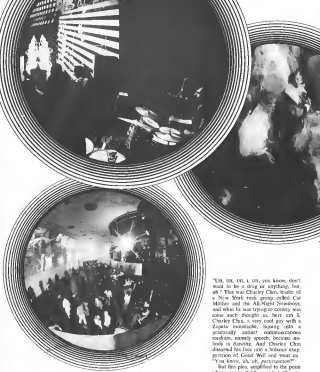
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"Uh, uh, uh, I, uh, you know, don't want to be a drag or anything, but, uh." This was Charley Chin, leader of a New York rock group called Cat Marlow and the All-Night Howlers, and what he was trying to convey was some such thought as, here am I, Charley Chin, a very cool guy with a fuzzy mustache, tapping into a genetically altered communications medium, namely speech, because nobody is dancing. And Charley Chin distorted his face into a ludicrous expression of Good Will and went in: "You know, uh, uh, participation?"

But this plea, amplified to the point where every "uh" sounded like an 80-gun shell lobbed at the Atlas at The London Day, was another kind of hook-out. The people in the Ballroom at The Electric Circus just stood there, slack-jawed, dumfounded. It was January 24, opening night for the public at Toronto's newest effort to resurrect sensibilities. The Electric Circus had camped on the site of a chocolate factory at 99 Queen

# WHERE YOU GO TO BE GONIE!

Street East — not to be confused with 999 Queen Street West, which is a mental hospital. Everybody was here, lots of 17 who had made their mother-in-laws with their new ballroom, those teens so they'd fit, hips in backskin outfits and pale young men who had made prison made to renege at The Leathermen, 45-year-old women in fashion elephant pants, invisibly snuffly fellows with Kahlilan-Bashman burlap and medallions inscribed, "Sir Lancelot." And all of them stooping around with their eyeballs glazed like steady apples.

The Ballroom at The Electric Circus is a ballroom in the same sense that an electric chair is a chair. The architecture is sort of Delirious Freeman. Curiouser. It may be. It being made an architectural whole, so near the head. Practically the whole wall-coating surface — 10,000 square feet of seamless vinyl — is a screen for a light show that uses 48 projectors, 4,000 sequentially changing slides every six hours and enough lights to

to send a Queen-Blunder streamer to Disneyland. Chances on this slide were be projected, programmed, controlled into a digital computer are supposed to sync the music with the changing, pulsing, fading, focusing, blurring images.

Naturally, the system fell apart on opening night and, naturally, nobody could tell the difference. Up on a cross-ventral flight deck over two 12-foot-long luminous butterflies in the dance floor, soundstage engineer Don Kuehls was trying to tell Michael's photographer Hensi Ehrlich that the sound system was only working at half-volume, but it is doubtful if Ehrlich could have heard him even if he had removed his rubber ear plugs.

By this time all sorts of incredible people, some of the 35 female employees of the Circus, were hunched over pools of exotic lighting equipment, twiddling dials like mad while their hair got in each other's eyes, the tubes pointed with electronic crack-

Stan, uh, Freeman has brought the ultimate in discotheques to Canada. It's The Electric Circus — you know, uh, uh, participation . . .

BY JON RUDY

Photographs by Brent Chadwick

les and wheeps, and the montages, collages, superimpositions and strobe flashes got white and red and red and began to look as though either a monster was going to be born or the whole place was going to come down like The House of Usher in some historic, cataclysmic freak-out.

An electric scientist started a for-male of white dye, started and moved it as what turned out to be a grandfather's clock-face and giggled it over a liquid projector and then — the end! A fire-exiter was lighting up down in the Ballroom. Over his head appeared a great swirling splash of smothering protogenes in electrochemical





Oh, you men and your heroics!  
Do I always have to earn  
my Canadian Club the hard way?

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enough to be lighter  
than thin oil.



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# MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

APRIL, 1969 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 4

## RADIO



**Dear Max:  
those 1,000 voices  
have  
become a bore**

I FEEL SLIGHTLY DARING saying this about a man who is practically a national institution, even if only by the courtesy of one, but doesn't anybody else feel that *The Max Ferguson Show* (heard weekday mornings over CBC radio) isn't funny any more?

Now wait — before you duck off a letter telling me that such talk only contributes to the national talent drain and that Max Ferguson is a great talent, let me get a couple of things straight. First, nobody with talent ever left Canada simply because of a bad press notice. Second, you don't have to convince me Max Ferguson is talented. *Anybody* with half an ear to CBC radio knows that.

That's why the situation is pathetic. *After Ferguson's loyal fans are the last people who should sit tacitly by day after day while their idol asserts that that would scarcely draw reaction from radioists at a church-banquet comic.*

Mind you, the idea seemed right when the show's format was devised eight seasons ago. Here was this seasoned performer determined to shed an old image (Kawthick) and do a new thing. And what did he have going for him? Why a thousand voices (well, a good dozen anyway), some fair ability as a comic and a good comic's sense of the absurd. Why not

have him rise to the studio every morning and conduct three or four short skits based on the day's headlines? To fill out the show, let him play records up from that lovely collection of his.

Well, Max was game, but right from the start he was hard-pressed to be better than mediocre. *Nobody* writes four great skits a day five days a week. Some Max was down to three skits, now it's two — sometimes just one.

Since each day's raw material is new, there's no way Ferguson can milk running gags the way Jack Benny, say, was taught out of his master's image. Yet, paradoxically, Max's situations by now sound ludicrously familiar — partly because there are some subjects he seems to find impossible at worst, the corporate habit and military world, among others. And while the characters in each skit are presumably new, they are nearly always Max's five or ten favorite voices: the gruff airline captain for army stuff, the Blaupunkt salesman (in CBC executive's words, "the wrong Melvyn and two or three others").

What emerges is a montage of familiar voices but never a cast of even half-interesting characters. Max has never been one to deal particularly well with human frailties but alone make a fresh and meaningful statement about our social life. On his present show he'll often simply stutter onto a word he can use either as a (clever) double entendre or to trigger some overblown or absurdity. Example: Mayor Stephen John of Westridge, died in an airplane, is recognized by a fellow passenger who suddenly faints. (In Westridge a rap of coffee, declaring "This one's going to Rube") Everybody thanks he said "Cubs," and pure chaos. End of skit.

At least skits like that have punch lines — even though they're stretched several times. Many other Ferguson skits don't. Example: Health Minister Mason, trying to quit smoking, asks up (to whose surprise?) dragging gracefully on a curled cigarette. Those skits that bring them in the atmosphere with no resolution make me squirm. I feel as though something has gone wrong, and the

producer has had to cover quickly with music.

Maybe I'm getting hyper about poor Max, but even his speech habits in the add-on skits portions of his show have begun to bug me. Especially his fondness for the word "left," used early and patronizingly. "I went not to my little garden with my life made and moved my little left foot." Which may prove only that one of us needs a rest from the program.

It's not surprising that any man trying to sustain 10 skits a week isn't funny every time or that after eight years he hardly ever seems funny at all. What is surprising is that anybody around the CBC, apparently, has had the programming sense at the top — or whatever it takes — to lead Max Ferguson out of his writer's wilderness state and have set a more fruitful course. **MAX TERNSTROM**

## TELEVISION

**A who's-in-town  
show without  
yawns? No way**

UNION CANADA is a collection of Liverpool, Lyons, Cincinnati and Detroit all trying to pretend they are London, Paris, Berlin or New York. In this country we are guilty art of civic pride, an acceptable sin, but of civic hubris. Our lack of a recognized national metropolis or "world" city has left half a dozen neo-metropolises competing for power and prestige. Each aspires to cosmopolitan status. Nothing more clearly demonstrates the belatedness of such pretensions than the style and content of the local news-and-political-affairs shows broadcast by CBC-TV's regional centres.

In the last year or so I've had a chance to see a fair sampling of the daily programs produced by the regional newscast studios along the network. I'm now convinced that (Robert) lives on, operating under the sign of Zeno's two-minute TV sta-



# CHECKLISTINGS

## MOVIES

► **Jensen:** *Obscure* While as a *musical* *body-served* *and* *dressed* in the *last* *year* *drifts* *from* *bed* *to* *bed* among the *beautiful* *young* *people* of *London*—*hippie* *actors*, *cool* *black*, *drag* *loids* *Underground* *anti-establishment* *Michael* *Jensen's* *layers* *of* *mad* *fashions* *it* *hides* *the* *cranky* *delusion* *of* *the* *celebrity* *"woman's* *prince"*, *at* *its* *most* *bad*.

► **Ben-Hur:** After 10 years, the MGM lion plays back one of its most ferocious roars — William Wyler's 1959 version of the pop-biblical epic. Christus Hominis remains the Roman oppressor for nearly four hours and, in the end, finds Christ. Amusements along the way include the amazing chariot race, a visit to the Valley of the Lepens and treachery on the high seas.

► **Raven Son:** Mrs. Campbell After more than 30 years, an Italian mother (Gene Lillibridge) is reunited with the American servicemen whose recently cheques have been accepted her in high style because such things be the father of her daughter. Although it sounds like a terrible idea, the witty performances of Telly Savalas, Lee Grant and Shirley Warren turns this American comedy into the most surprisingly pleasant light entertainment of the season.

► **The Impossible Years:** The generation gap takes another flying in this season's wildest comedy. (Based on the stage play) featuring David Niven as a psychiatrist who has lost control of his own daughter.

## RECORDS

► **The Flying Dutchman:** An eerie proof that the best recordings of Wagner's operas are made in England. Angel has released a stunningly stereophonic three-record set of Tostean recordings. Conductor Otto Klemperer, making his first recording of a Wagner opera, starts to have overcome his wartime nervousness in the complete (boxed by Sader). The spectacular singing of Aage Hovns, Erik Amani and Martin Tuller is matched by the performance of the BBC Chorus and the New Philharmonia. (Three, about \$18).

► **The Art of the Latin One:** One of the best bargains among recent releases, this

12 58 RCA Camden features hitmaker Walter Gering, a masterful exponent of Renaissance and baroque delicacies. Gering, who died in 1966, was almost unknown in North America, but highly esteemed in his native Germany and throughout Europe. The most recent piece on the disc was written in 1678 by Thomas Mure, an obscure clerk at Trinity College, Cambridge. It's magnificent.

► **Brooklyn Collection for Young People:** Here's an expensive three-record set (\$12.49) that few youngsters can afford but many parents will buy. Uncle Larry himself narrates Peter and the Wolf and Carnival of the



Assault: the rest of the LP is a sampling of light classical favorites. Columbia includes the youth repertory as far as to have the program also written by an 11-year-old boy. Next is a 90-minute symphony of 11-year-olds.

► **Guns and Wild Strawberries:** is the title of a play for which The Collectors composed and performed, the music. This five-track Vancouver group, one of the best on the Canadian pop scene, shows up here as a tight cohesive unit that can explore new ideas effectively. Their experimenting with BC playwright George Ryga's lyrics compensates for the play's same old-fashioned on-site (Warner Bros.-7 Arts; list, \$5.25).

► **Daisy in Memphis:** (Daisy Springfield) One of England's leading female pop stars comes a hard American rhythm-and-blues sound. Obviously, she's trying to punch her U.S. hit single, *Son of a Preacher Man*, into a successful LP. (This too is in the album.) Recording most of the disc in Memphis was a promotional ploy, but Daisy's taste sound good (Philips; list, \$5.25).

► **Five Men Electrical Band:** (formerly the Succotash), is a Canadian group now played into the U.S. pop market. This new *Original LP* (RS 29) offers a light, comical country sound that's happy — and happily free of heavy electronics. Refreshing

## BOOKS

► **The 500 Days by Herman Salzhay** (Penguin and Whitman, \$12.50). An old Russian hand and now an editor of the New York Times, Salzhay returns to you detail one of the most tragic episodes of World War II, the siege of Leningrad. He describes graphically how 1,000,000 citizens starved to death while the Nazis were staked in the ruins for three years. Salzhay's excellent German Soliloquy as much as Hitler for the decade.

► **Providence Island by Collier Wilkins** (Copp Clark, \$4.95). Take a visit to New York City, encounter, stand here in a desert, about the world's latest fiction and the desert wife of a cosmologist, and what do you get? A full novel, it's by Collier Wilkins, who writes like an adolescent boy-keeper. Literally, he's not quite all, but the long buildup is hardly worth it. The novel (already!) will see James Woodward and Paul Newman.

► **Parlay's Complaint by Philip Roth** (Random House, \$4.50). Parlay's complaint is that he's Jewish, born depressed by a dominating mother, suffers sexual hangups (especially incest) and has a handsome girl complex. At 35, still an adolescent, he tells us in his preface, he's looking for comfort in Philip Roth's dark haunts. Parlay becomes the most memorable character in recent fiction, his story is comic, sad and successful.

► **Love and Cheese by Robert B. Serling** (Doubleday, \$3.25). Available in white Serling admits the first 10 years of commercial art service in the United States was this miserable safety survey. Then he describes some rather dramatic exceptions, and the dramatic work into the career of the crash. As for the future, new materials and technical innovations are making the photo job and superman even safer — at least so says.

► **Cape Verde: The Thought Control Centre Of Canada** by Ray Smith (House of Anans, 35 baroque, \$2.50 paperback). Ray Smith is something new in Canadian writing — a genuine absurdist. These 11 short stories are wildly original and challenging, but they reveal a fascinating talent. Smith's premises prove successfully get out of control, and the stories never quite live up to the promise of the title, but they're a refreshing attempt to break down the barrier between fantasy and reality. A name to watch for. Smith.

# Break out the frosty bottle, boys, and keep your martinis dry!





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